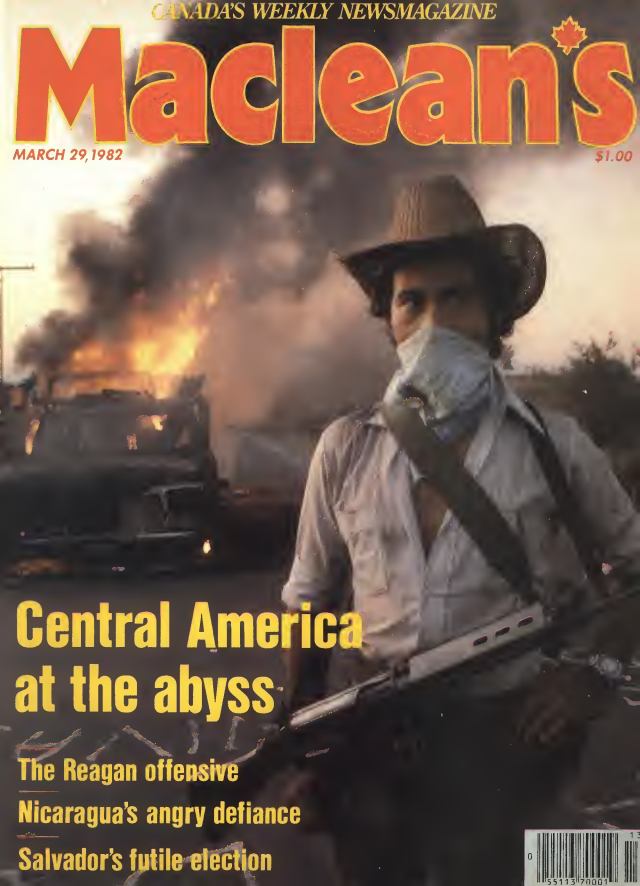


CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

# Maclean's

MARCH 29, 1982

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## Central America at the abyss

The Reagan offensive

Nicaragua's angry defiance

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## Unwilling mothers, unwanted children

Thank goodness some people are again being given to the belief that abortion should be a personal, private matter of a woman and those she chooses to include in her decision (Spring for the Right to End Life, *Post*, March 28). I am tired of seeing posters of children's eyes weeping. How about a poster depicting thousands of children weeping because of physical and mental abuse and neglect? How can we justify bringing unwanted children into a society that still has not found a way of guaranteeing the rights and dignity of the children already here?

—BONNIE MUNDGO  
Cambridge, Ont.

Marion Engel's belief that where abortions are accepted we are justified in sacrificing morality for reality contradicts the possibility that there is nothing morally wrong with abortion. Engel makes the fundamental error of confusing human life, which is merely biological, with humanity, which is of infinite value and deserving of every moral consideration. Persons are biologically human but are entirely lacking in the hopes, dreams, fears and expectations that give us our humanity. Truly, as beings deserving of moral consideration, it is as if they have not yet been conceived. —IAN PERCIVAL  
Toronto

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Abortion: a woman's private decision?

While Marion Engel makes a good case for unwilling mothers, surely the dispatch of the unborn is not a civilized answer to the problem. Rather, if women ensured that their governments, as a matter of priority, provided a safe and long-term contraceptive, the fan-and-consequence syndrome tied to longer apply. —CHARLES STUTCHES  
Ottawa

## New hope for cancer victims

The March 1 article *A Renegade Doctor With a Cancer Cure* accurately and honestly brings to the surface a man, Dr. Stanislaw Burzynski, who has a legitimate claim to something that works on victims of certain types of cancer. We brought our mother to Burzynski's clinic in Houston to save her life. Because she was almost dead when we found out about Dr. Burzynski, we were not successful. What we did achieve, however, was nine weeks of painless, concentrated life for mother. She left this earth knowing that other cancer victims in Canada have one thing that they will now be able to share.—JANE  
—CAMERON FRET  
Toronto, Ont.

## Nixon should have gone quietly

The dismissal of Johna Nixon was not only overdue but very desirable (An Unhappy Alliance Spills, *World*, March 1). No prime minister in his right mind would keep disloyal ministers in government, particularly if he had a majority in Parliament and those disloyal ministers belonged to another party. There is no doubt that Nixon's final dismissal by Robert Mugabe is a very popular move in Zimbabwe, and it is refreshing to see that Nixon's members in the Senate go. Names the voters he ousted when he knew that the ZANU

government was fed up with his alleged pursuit of undesired power. Ministers are supposed to be decent enough to go quietly. —DORIAN CHADLER  
Ottawa

## Archetypal cowboy with spurs

In the mythic sense, the people of Old-Dalhousie voted for the archetypal cowboy, Gordon Keizer, a North American knight on a high-powered cow horse, whose mission will be to ride into the legislature and do battle in the name of God, free enterprise and the right (A Shot at Western Protest, *Canada*, March 1). And what did they get? They got a man who wants to take medicine out of the hands of government and then establish a multilevel review board to examine pricing, competition and service levels. They got a man who believes in free enterprise and ancillary legislation with some teeth in it. Ronald Reagan with spurs. Keizer can thank the CBC, *Maclean's* and others who gave western separatism an audience and fanned the most dangerous political party and set of neo-fascist in Canadian political history. —SIMON VANDERK  
Oshawa, Ont.

If the federal government thinks that it has nothing to lose in the way of parliamentary seats as a result of the changes it intends to make to the "Crown rate" (At Last, The Crown Must Go, *Canada*, Feb. 28), it is in for a big surprise over the next few months. My prediction is that the spark (prize) at Old-Dalhousie will rapidly develop into a prairie fire that will engulf all of Western Canada. Then the number of federal parliamentary seats held by westerners will be not only irrelevant but completely unnecessary. Fed up? You bet we are. —CARL WILKE  
Yellow Grass, Sask.

## Sill a place for the couch

As a psychotherapist who trained under the supervision of Dr. Habib Davanloo for two years, I can attest to the effectiveness of brief psychodynamic psychotherapy. However, in reference to your excellent article *Prime Time for Short-term Therapy* (Behaviour, March 1), you should know that patients are carefully selected to meet certain criteria before being treated. It is not the treatment of choice for every patient or client. There is still a viable place for the long-term, psychodynamically oriented, psychotherapy and psychoanalysis. —ROBERT DODDICK  
Montreal

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply name, address and telephone number. Mail correspondence to *Letters to the Editor*, *Maclean's*, magazine, 181 Denison Ave., Toronto, Ont. M5T 1A7.

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# Debunking myths of sacred truths

By Abraham L. Finkelberg

**M**ost people no longer care much about the "right" use of words. Except for the religious, competitive privatisers and the "ivory" body language now speak for us and to us. A startling number of people can't even put a sentence together in a logical sequence. What distresses me, however, is the deflection of words in the lofty domains of religion and government. Consider the church and synagogue. What sanctifies the image of the image of the image of the simple words "The Bible says"? They are Middle Eastern America's magic seal to revelations of absolute, unchallengeable truth. When intoned by "Moral Monopoly, Inc." or any fundamentalist, they leave nothing more to be said by way of credentials for what follows. "The Bible says" transmutes into golden nuggets of truth the drab of time-worn

but that it can awe human beings into telling it.

My remote ancestors who wrote the Torah started a trend when they ascribed it to Yahweh's intimacy with Moses on Mount Sinai. The lore of that richly dramatized scenario has wrought havoc. A survey of its effects would amaze the globe. In Tel Aviv, financial Moslem priests excrete hundreds for flouting the Koran. In Galicia, "sinned" cows, protected by ages of Hindu lore, ravage the crops in a hunger-ridden India. In Moscow, the Kremlin dreams of socialist world hegemony in preference to Karl Marx's *Das Kapital*. In Rome, a venerable church burdens its face against the winds of change in underwriting loyalty to an ancient drine chase. In Lynchburg, Va. Jerry Falwell's stronghold, evangelical fundamentalism amasses wealth and expertise to harness scriptural promises of celestial salvation into a political weapon. In Jerusalem, a politicalized



The Jewish and Christian "writings" encompass such data closely tied with ethical and spiritual precepts and human truths that have provided me with sermon texts for 30 years—but the data are senseless nuggets. And these sole claim to authority rests on the mumbled fantasy that they represent God's will unveiled to His chosen messengers, Israel, the golden farrago. Worst of all, these God-inspired (or self-appointed) intermediaries alone, with their successors in each generation, allegedly have the license to interpret and enforce the law. As though every biblical word had been created with miraculous power unleashed by none except the elite keepers of the flame.

Let's be frank. The only sacred text is that there is no such thing as sacred truth. Nothing that anyone believes, whether it bears on religion, science or government, is immune to review, revision or summary dismissal. I used to rhapsodize from the pulpit about "the eternal verities"; now I doubt that they exist. With every new insight into reality, the "Bible" of mankind is being rewritten. With every new adaptation of a nation's laws to an ever-changing society, its basic constitution is being altered. Yet pastors and politicians alike still raise eyes in rapture to the everlasting hills of our sacred heritages, and millions of ordinarily self-directed people harbor the rites of bibliolatry, whether in the sanctuaries of religion or the chambers of government. Even the most banal, banalistic publicist can be mollified by putting it in an "official" document. Courts of law, by invoking in witness and affidavits on a Bible, evidently believe that it not only tells the whole truth,

but that it can awe human beings into telling it.

Does the constitution of a modern state differ in essence from these exclusionary obstructions? Lawyers instead of priests—but legislative argument by doctors of the law still probes relentlessly into the private intent of words. Feet on the ground instead of heads in heaven—but laws are still bent in reverence for the sanctified scroll. Provision for amendment, yes—but only through a procedure hardly less complicated and more than the phoney-like jockeying of the

Vatican and the tradition—central rigidity of Jewish orthodoxy. Supreme Court instead of a synod—but the ultimate and irrevocable verdict still belongs to a minuscule group of men empowered to ferret out the secret permutations of hallowed rhetoric, that is words.

I fervently hope that Canadians will not see the new constitution as a divine memorandum transmitted from Mount Parliament, as a security blanket against the perils of individual thinking. Such thinking, rather than someone's words, is the historic guarantee of civilized freedom and progress. Will "The Bible Says" be supplemented or supplanted by "The Constitution Says"? Harmed Canadians may bask for the inexpressible authority, benign wisdom and protective shield of a transcendent certificate couched in a "holy" constitution and the magnified men who wield a sceptre in its name. The palpable threat of moral anarchy may tie them to a law-and-order concept strong enough to trace individual self-search. Fear of change would then lock Canada into sanctified immobility—unless a liberal Supreme Court refuses to exploit the power it derives from the power of words and listens to the voice of the people, not popish, wherein resides the dearest thing conceivable to our Deu—the voice of God.

Abraham L. Finkelberg is rabbi emeritus of Holy Blossom Temple, Toronto, and rabbinic residence at the University of Nevada, Reno. At 62, he recently launched his third book, *See and the Falset*.

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# Painfully hobbling toward recovery



By Robert A. Manning

Even though the queues began forming in the bakery early-morning hours—as soon as the midnight-to-6 a.m. curfew ended—the shops in the capital city of Luanda didn't start to open until 10 a.m. For Angolans, just obtaining simple necessities such as salt, soap and bread remains a major effort. More shops and cafes have opened in the past year. But the vibrancy of this city, known as the Big Sisters of Africa when the country was a Portuguese colony, has not returned since independence in 1975.

There is enough food, and buggies are all but nonexistent, but the problem of distribution has yet to be conquered. The shortages have produced a thriving black market where fruit and vegetables, otherwise difficult to find, are readily available—at a price. Since the looting, Angola's currency, in almost valueless, capricious is a preferred means of exchange.

There is a feeling of exhaustion in Luanda. At a distance, the city's skyline overlooking Luanda Bay is still breathtaking. But a time clock reveals a city of dilapidated buildings, one-way highways now run-down and filthy, and streets lined with garbage. After more than a decade of guerrilla war, civil conflict and foreign intervention, Angola remains prey to regular South African raids across its southern border with Namibia. Luis Lomo, organizational head of the ruling People's Movement

for the Liberation of Angola (MPLA), contends that close to 60 per cent of the budget—an estimated \$400 to \$500 million—still goes to the military, as does much of the country's skilled personnel—at a privilege in a land that the MPLA claims was 90-per-cent illiterate at the time of independence.

Kept off-balance by the continuous war in the south, Angola has been unable to pull itself together again. The more than 200,000 Portuguese settlers, most of whom left at the height of the conflict in 1973-75, were the more than just colonial administrators. Angola was a settler colony, and the Portuguese did everything from running plantations

**Over skyline overlooking Luanda Bay, the skyline has yet to return**

to driving taxis—they were the secretaries, farmers, shopkeepers. Replaces Jaime Mares, an employee of an American oil service firm. "Angola was different from other Portuguese colonies. Here the European even served its own to Africa."

At the top levels, Angola's leadership is considered to be among the best in the continent, but cabinet members rarely have competent help, often forcing them to work 18 hours a day and to make even the smallest decisions themselves. The lack of competent manpower is reflected in the country's badly deteriorated economy. Once the world's largest coffee exporter and an importer of diamonds, iron and timber, Angola's only significant export today is oil, which brings in approximately 90 per cent of all foreign exchange.

Angola formerly produced 90 per cent of its own food. But now it imports a large part of all foodstuffs, since the breadbasket continues to be plagued by civil conflict and by warring South African-backed UNITA guerrillas.

For its part, the MPLA government has paid a heavy price for its support of the South West Africa People's Organization (SWAPO) guerrillas in neighboring Namibia. Angola, having some 50,000 Namibian refugees, in the near base for SWAPO, and finally a week before state independence when South Africa has not launched some invasion

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President Joe Sauter, sitting westward



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## The Problem

The problem was three-fold:

- [1] Canada depended on foreign oil for about a quarter of its lubricating oil needs.
- [2] All crude oils are not alike. Some kinds are better than others for making lubricating oils the ordinary way. Canada's supply of this crude oil is shrinking.
- [3] Canada cannot always depend on buying crude oil from foreign lands when we do, we send

money out of the country—as much as \$50 million a year for lube oil.

The answer was not an easy one.

## The Solution

Gulf scientists had invented a new process for treating crude oil—using hydrogen and a catalyst under extremely high temperatures and pressure—that would make lubricating base oil from a wide range of Canadian crude oils could be used for the hundreds of lubricants Gulf makes? Would it make sense for Gulf Canada to invest \$250 million in a new refinery

when they already had a plant making lubricating oils the regular way?

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Based on this Canadian research, Gulf built a new lubricating oil plant in Clarkson—the most advanced in North America. This \$250 million plant produces a completely new line of products



On the left is an old Gulf base stock for making lubricating oils. It was refined by the conventional method and has a light amber colour. On the right is base stock refined by Gulf's patented HydroTreating process. It is as crystal clear as vodka. Special additives are blended with this pure, clear base stock to produce high quality lubricants. Since Gulf lubricants begin with a better base stock, the result is a better product.

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Bill Griffin, Senior Vice-President, Gulf Canada Products Company is photographed here in his gown with wife Jane and their pet, Robbie. Bill was born in Apr. Ontario. In the R.C.A.F. he served in the defense of Malta.



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\*This new lubricating oil process is named HydroTreated or HT. The "Hydro" part of the name stands for hydrogen—not water!

across the border. According to MPLA officials, the damage inflicted by the apartheid regime has been severe: thousands dead and several hundred million dollars of property—factories, schools, bridges, roads—destroyed.

As in Luanda, a sense of weariness pervades Angolan society generally. As José Nogueira Pereira, a clerk in a sparsely stocked Luanda shop, explains: "It's been seven years since independence, and still everything is difficult. Even for the simplest things, life is very hard, and we are getting tired." Luanda itself seems to be operating at about 10-percent capacity. The two futurizing hotels are little more than fish and rice. There is water rationing throughout the city, which usually means dry taps by evening, and the few taxis do not pick up passengers without government authorization. On the whole, the average Angolan seems to have little ambition.



Angolan hotels destroyed in South Africa can raid UNITA guerrilla leader José Savimbi. Soviet navy helicopters

Recently the government declared a *Sabado Vermelho* (Red Saturday) in an appeal for volunteers to help clean up the city. With the exception of a handful of veteran party workers and Cubans, few turned out.

Although the 15,000 or so Cuban military personnel in Angola try to keep a low profile, they are seen everywhere in Luanda and other key cities. Holding various military positions, they man road checkpoints and provide training for the Angolans, but they have done little actual fighting during South African incursions. There are also more than 3,000 Cuban civilians who are largely responsible for organizing and training personnel for Angola's education and health-care systems.

While the presence of the Cubans is tolerated, the estimated 1,000 to 1,500 Soviets, though less visible, are a source of quiet resentment. Privately, Angolan officials complain of Soviet heavy-handedness and paternalism, perhaps best illustrated in the area of fishing—the most visible Soviet activity. Angola's waters have traditionally provided for excellent fishing, yet Angolans complain of a shortage of fish. Meanwhile Soviet fishing ships can be seen offshore, angling up the catches of Angolan fishermen. In an attempt to stifle Soviet greed, Angola has renegotiated its fishing agreement with Moscow in the past year, and as at least one occasion has approached a Soviet fishing boat for violating the rules. "There's plenty of fish in our seas, but look at how much it costs in the market," says a pilot working for the Angolan fishing ministry. Pointing to the harbor where

african fisherman, "Between here is enough time to get just each other's rhetoric." Diplomats based in Luanda say that if efforts to gain a Namibia settlement are successful and Angola follows through on its promise to send the Cuban troops home thereafter, Reagan likely will establish full ties with Angola.

By far the biggest problem facing the new government is rehabilitation. MPLA officials claim that while literacy has been cut to about 67 per cent, the problem of production is still proving difficult to overcome. Because the Soviets are worth so little, there is no incentive to work, and high unemployment is a chronic problem frustrating employers. In an effort to counter the black market, the government has approved a move to put small businesses back in the hands of private owners. But the loss of centralization has meant that the regime



has been lethargic in implementing the decision. Most of the recently opened shops are run by refugees returning from Zaire, where they developed entrepreneurial skills to survive.

Angola is potentially one of Africa's wealthiest countries. With oil, diamonds, iron and copper, as well as vast agricultural possibilities, it is well endowed. Since the nation-building process has been almost frozen by the military situation, the challenge is twofold: to overcome the colonial legacy and to organize the country. With its 1,600-mile border with Namibia vulnerable to Pretoria's military machine and infiltration from UNITA guerrillas, the country's fate is deeply bound in the Namibia talks. Their successful completion would mean a sealing of the border and the prospect of peace. As Paulo Jorge explains, "We can't really rebuild the country until the war ends." ☐

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# The one-woman stronghold of the Nova Scotia NDP

By Michael Chagnon

At the known laws of nature are spread it, but the Nova Scotia New Democratic Party seems to be going to and down at the same time. Or, as party worker Serena Besser put it after last fall's election: "It's the biggest win we've ever had. We've got two months to clear out." The good news was that Alexa McDonough, the party's new leader, had won a seat in the legislature and would no longer have to watch in frustration from the gallery as her two allies held the fort. The bad news was that the traditional NDP stronghold in Cape Breton had been wiped out, and the first mainland NDP member—also the first female party leader in Canada to win an election—would be sitting alone. As a result, when McDonough took her seat last month in non-unioned Province House, the NDP seemed suddenly redefined, and its new leader had an extraordinarily full plate.

McDonough, 37, has a warm, informal manner and a sharp, fierce look that her newspaper photographs tend to miss entirely, portraying her more as the party-going imposter of her undergraduate years. But those times are long over. McDonough's next four years will be spent rebuilding the party, acting as a one-person shadow cabinet, crossing lanes with the Liberals, Conservatives and, no doubt, with Independent Paul Maclean, a combative Cape Breton M.L.A. who was expelled from the NDP last year in an explosion of rage—and who has more or less declared war on his old party.



Victorious at leadership convention head-on approach

If McDonough faces an uphill political battle, the struggle is part of her heritage. Her millionaire father, Lloyd Shaw, whom her brother Robb describes as "one of the hardest-nosed businessmen east of Montreal," was the first member for the federal CCF caucus. He had earlier studied at Columbia University, under some of the leading socialist thinkers of the day. Her



McDonough at first dual in provincial legislature: called a 'millionaire socialist'

mother was an active feminist after the Second World War. But McDonough craves her deepest political convictions to her grandfather, who broke politics with the Nova Scotia Tories on a matter of principle and enabled the entrepreneurial standards of his day by giving the workers at I.E. Shaw Ltd., his knit company, a voice in the management of the company and such benefits as company-funded home mortgages.

In this free-thinking household, Alexa was left to form her own political passions. At Dalhousie University, where she was a "hyperactive overachiever," she remained—politically mindful—preferring to

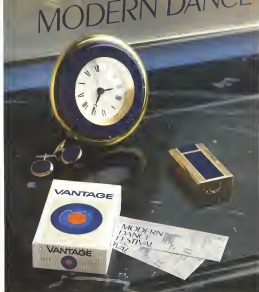
spend her spare time on the party circuit and football games. A master's degree at the Maritime School of Social Work kindled a concern for social welfare issues, which in turn led to politics.

She helped write the social welfare plank for the winning 1976 platform of Gerald Regan, then leader of the provincial Liberals, and her brother became Regan's principal assistant. "I suppose it almost broke [my father's] heart when we both became Liberals," says McDonough. "Our parents would never try to influence us politically, and when growing up we lived with this constant sense of disappointment because my parents' friends were always the lovers in elections." But McDonough's hope that political power would lead to

social change dim when the Liberals ignored their social welfare promises.

With characteristic skepticism, she quickly left the Liberals and eventually joined the NDP. After throwing herself into a succession of administrative tasks, she ran federally in 1979 and 1984, and that year she was chosen party leader. Now the future is clear: "I will be committed from now until the day I die to try to see that the NDP gets into power in this province—whether or not I remain the leader."

McDonough has been called a big capitalist with a gift console, a "millionaire socialist." "The idea that I'm a millionaire is really very laughable, although I am extremely comfortable financially," says McDonough. She lives in a large clapboard house in a tree-lined Halifax neighborhood with her husband, Peter, a lawyer, and their two sons, Justin, 15, and Travis, 10. Despite her busy schedule, she believes



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strongly in "family unity" and reserves three nights a week and one day on the weekend for her family. When she most work at home, she does so at a large desk in the same room where her children are doing homework or reading. By her own admission, she's "spoiled rotten" by the support system around her. In addition to her close extended family, she has been able to afford to pay two "wonderful sitters" a fair wage to watch over her children—"not an option open to most women."

What she calls her "advantages," and

the encouragement of the national Women's Participation of Women Committee, helped convince her to run for the very leadership. "Alexa's father had some reservations about her running," says Muriel Smith, former chairperson of the committee and now minister of economic development and tourism. "We said, 'would you have reservations if it had been your son?' That made the point with him." It is just that sort of point that McDonough hopes to make in the public perception of a woman's role. "If I weren't prepared to make

the commitment with all the advantages I have available, then who is it reasonable to expect and do that?"

Her supporters say she will thrive on the cut-and-thrust in the legislature in the next four years. McDonough is expected to take aim at the province's lackluster record in occupational health and safety, management of offshore oil and gas development ("If they were seriously committed to the public interest as opposed to the limited interest of their own party faithful and the business community, they should get on with it"), and other issues. She has already had some success in rebuilding the party. Despite the setbacks in Cape Breton in October, the NDP's share of the popular vote jumped to 18.9 per cent from 11.5 in the previous election. Many NDPers say there's a new buoyancy and morale under Alexa's leadership. Her program of recruiting, building up the treasury and responding to hundreds of calls for assistance from voters around the province has given the party a life between elections that it never had before.

Her approach to the challenge has been characteristically low-key. At the NDP leadership convention, the religious BlackPower theme up the ticket that McDonough was simply too privileged to understand the problems of working people. Far from avoiding the issue, she dealt with it at length, arguing that her leadership ability should not be judged by her background. "I'm married," recalls her brother Robbie. "She swept the convention as a direct result of handling that thing in an upfront way." The upfront voice seems certain to be a new and refreshing one in Nova Scotia's politics for years to come. ☐

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# Mopping up at Three Mile Island

By Michael Posner

**T**he road runs up to meet them, four giant cranes hovering in the middle of the Pennsylvania River. But for their vast scale, the structures that house the nuclear-powered units at Pennsylvania's troubled Three Mile Island 1 unit's ability might be the work of some Connecticut paper. Indeed, with the cleanup from the United States' worst commercial nuclear accident still in the early stages, TMI represents an experiment that may well determine the future of nuclear power on the continent.

Three years after the accident, which destroyed part of one reactor core and produced more than 5.5 million L of contaminated water, the nuclear industry is still trying to answer the thorny questions raised by the mishap. The problem is partially technical: oil, officials have yet to assess exactly how much damage was done to the reactor core on TMI's Unit 1 and whether they can fix it. Partly it is financial: there is not yet a firm plan for allocating cleanup costs, conservatively estimated at \$1 billion. Finally, perhaps the most difficult question to answer is a psychological one: if the unit ever gets going again, how will local residents regard the risk to health and safety?

To date, crews working for GPU Nuclear Corp., which manages TMI, have completed one major phase of the cleanup operation. A specially designed decontamination bath has flowed most of the surface contamination from the 8.5 million L of radioactive water in the basement, recapturing some 250,000 curies of radioactivity. The processed water is now being recycled to hose down the interior of Unit 1's containment building as part of an experiment to test decontamination methods.

But the principal cleanup task lies ahead, its dimensions still largely unknown. Later this year, GPU Nuclear hopes to drop a large container into the top of Unit 1's reactor core. That would provide the first glimpse of exactly how much damage was done on March 28,

1979, when a faulty valve caused reactor coolant to leak into the containment building. Estimates vary as to what condition the core is in, although the upper portion is believed to be a bed of rubble. Ultimately, the core and the nuclear fuel must be removed and the coolant system decontaminated.

None of this can begin, however, until financing is in place. GPU has some \$86 million of its \$300 million in insurance funds remaining—not nearly enough to complete the cleanup. A proposal to split the remaining amount among the industry, the utility and federal and state governments was advanced last

July as one-third of some 30,000 steam generator tubes have developed small leaks and will have to be plugged, slowed or replaced. GPU officials remain nervously confident the ticking flaw does not represent a critical setback, but that opinion is not widely shared. "This will delay Unit 1 start-up at least a year," says Steven Shilly of the Union Carbide Division. "It will cost several hundred million. The company does not have it, nor any way of getting it."

Whatever happens at TMI, the accident has already registered a profound impact on the nuclear industry nationwide. Not one nuclear reactor has been ordered since the accident. Despite wholesale changes in design, maintenance, safety and emergency procedures, projected plants have been scrapped, many others remain in limbo as wary investors look to the less risky technology of coal-powered electricity. Industry spokesmen still insist that the logic of nuclear energy will eventually triumph.

"The accident should be seen as a threshold, not a tombstone," says Doug Redell of GPU Nuclear's communications office. "In the 1980s, nuclear energy will be absolutely essential in our overall mix. It's not the answer, but it's part of it."

On the other side, advocates of alternative energy sources are reading a different map. Richard Ulfell of Ralph Nader's Central Mass Energy Project predicts wide-scale dismantling of nuclear plants over the next decade. "These steam generators are designed to last the life of the plant—30 or 40 years—and they're breaking down in 10. What's happening at TMI is already becoming commonplace."

The coming years will surely test those and other views of nuclear power. In contrast to the cautious stance of the Carter years, the new administration has put itself squarely behind the nuclear industry. The nuclear program was one of the few departments of energy items not skimped in recent budget slashing. Three nuclear plants have pulled a setback for nuclear power, but probably not a defeat. ☐



Three Mile Island splitting the future of nuclear power

summer by Pennsylvania Gov. Richard Thornburgh. Agreement in principle has been reached, but GPU Nuclear is still waiting for the bulk of the cash.

To earn additional cleanup revenues, TMI executives had been hoping for approval to restart Unit 1, shut down shortly before the accident to Unit 2, later this year. Given that prospect, new sums remain. A federal court has ruled that before Unit 1 can resume, psychological surveys assessing the future impact of TMI's operations on the community must be conducted. One psychological stress study already done for the Nuclear Regulatory Commission showed an unusually high level of anxiety symptoms among local residents. Independent studies have indicated widespread concerns in the use of tranquilizers and alcohol.

More critically, perhaps, a new technical problem has been discovered



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## CANADA

# The rules that are made to be broken

By John Hay

Canadians bewitched by their own politicians could hardly have been surprised to hear Commons Speaker Jeanne Sauvé insist last week that "it is not easy to determine what time it is in the House of Commons." For two full-voting weeks the House

the energy bill," asserted Poiraud on a Friday night, offering as well to hold an Opposition day debate on another night to allow time for negotiating. Wilton returned at the beginning of the week with a written plan for cutting up the bill and with hints of a speedy passage for some of it.

A day later the Tories had what they

band of Mrs. Saul Terry Commons Chairman Ron Harrington. "You never see such unity of purpose in the Conservative caucus."

Like Speaker Sauvé, however, many around Parliament Hill worried that the bells were tolling for the Commons itself, or at least for its reputation. As if responding to that concern, Clark chose to use the Conservative

Opposition day for a debate on reforming Commons procedures. Among his proposals: tighter, stronger committees to select government bills and spending less party discipline over "new" votes, and a reversal of the trend toward government by federal-provincial conference. "We all wear the clothes of authority," said Clark, "but only a handful of members of this House, the central ministers, have any real authority."

Poiraud was impressed by Clark's argument. "For more than seven weeks he has been outstaging the criticism in an incoherent, childish and shameful



Clark and Mulcair disappointed but the Tories scored a surprise and answers

written—Poiraud's "parade" that the bill would be split. A reform Tory caucus was then advised by leader Joe Clark to call off the boycott. To give an extra cushion of time for negotiating the new energy timetable, Poiraud had also offered to keep the disputed bill out

***'We all wear the clothes of authority, but only a handful of members, the central ministers, have any real authority'***

of the Commons until this week. Said Clark: "This is a victory for Parliament and for democracy."

To the extent that an accused nemesis of Mr. Clark forced the government to amend its legislative program Clark could claim a victory of sorts, the episode certainly heartened his troubled

colleague. "We are not beyond differences in philosophy interfered with the effective working of Parliament," said Broadbent. In the end, it was a debate like no other, others in the Commons: no vote was taken, no decisions were reached and few needs were changed.

No reform of the rules, of course, can dissolve the natural conflict between a government seeking to pass its program quickly, and an Opposition committed to opposing. The real issue is how much influence the Commons can have as the government of the day—and whether that power can be evoked rather than be shirked, belittled and abused, little speechmaking.

**Maclean's**  
NOV 25/26 1987

## Campaign confidential



Peckford announcing election results in Holy Week, with royal possibilities

It is a political campaign, timing is everything and no sooner had Premier Brian Peckford announced a provincial election last week than a four-page flyer—paid for out of public funds—began arriving in Newfoundland mailboxes announcing ELECTION AT LAST. The jubilant pamphlet actually referred to a March 5 judgment of the Newfoundland Supreme Court that the province believes will enable it to leave the rooster of the St. John's Falls power contract with Hydro-Québec. But its message created the mood that the Tories clearly want to exploit.

The election is timed to occur before the court can hand down a decision on Newfoundland's claimed ownership of offshore oil. That will enable Peckford to campaign on his need for a new mandate to handle Ottawa's greater control of offshore resources. But while victory may indeed fall to Peckford's Conservatives in the April 6 vote—they won 55 seats to the Liberals' 19 just 31 months ago, and the Opposition shows no striking confidence going into the new campaign—Ottawa insists that the election will not affect the resource negotiations.

Missing an opportunity for drama, flailing his dog, flitting eyes at the cameras, the premier directed the cabinet rooms at the St. John's Confederation Building into campaign headquarters for his live TV election announcement. Seated him wall posters showed a MONTAGNE MONTAGNE and JOHN AND A PICTURE. The next day reporters were

called for a three-hour look-up, budget-style, as the government could make good on its first election promise—to tell all about a confidential compromise offered on resource management that Peckford said Ottawa had so far rejected.

Newfoundland's proposal would create a quasi-political pact agency with power to approve or reject offshore

### Peckford's truculent style irks some people. Stirling's problem is that he is seen as Ottawa's doormat

developments, to collect revenues and distribute them between the two governments. The province would receive 75 per cent of all government revenues until Newfoundland caught up with the Canadian averages in income and social services. The arrangement would ensure that Newfoundland would never again fall back into the status of a lesser-entitled province. "So long as it shows all can accomplish that goal." There would also be a resource-dispatch fund to provide financial support where the fisheries and other offshore fields become exhausted. Newfoundland insists, however, that "other Canadians would receive a generous share from the

very start and that share would increase over time as Newfoundland's share went down."

According to Peckford, the Newfoundland offer would produce a "true partnership." But what Ottawa wants, he charges, is to collect all the revenue and hand over to Newfoundland only what it decides should be the province's share. Finally, said the premier, "It seems to me that the results of the last federal election [when five Liberals were returned from Newfoundland] and the Tories took the remaining two seats as an indication that Newfoundlanders do not want a real say in the development of resources." That possibility, he said, made him decide to seek a mandate.

Liberals' Leader Leonard Stirling's response to the election fell was all sweetness and light, reminiscent of Manitoba's new star premier, Howard Pawley. "The day I became premier," he promised the ex-ministerial salesman, "I will arrange a meeting in which we invite the prime minister to sit down in a calm and cool manner and, first of all, maybe have a dinner together." Stirling's problem is that too many voters see him as Ottawa's doormat. Newfoundlanders—for all their stickiness, a genteel people often measurable to the point of constipation—are also concerned about Peckford's truculent over-assertiveness. But the cases people think Stirling is a political weakling. At the same time he suffers from the fact that, ever since Joe Smallwood took the Newfoundland throne in 1949, the 1971-72 political dark clouds, the party has shown an almost Tory aversion for scuttling its leaders. By contrast, Frank Moore's abstinence to Peckford was in the smooth Ontario Tory tradition.

As politicians take off this week by car, plane and helicopter into the dark haze of a Newfoundland winter, it seemed Stirling would be lucky to reappear in 17 seats. The Liberals held 41 seats. The New Democrats, about 480 of them, backed with an Ontario native, Peter Penick, as their leader—have never won a provincial seat and pose even less of a threat.

Yet the timing was not entirely with Peckford's Tories. Church leaders deplored the calling of an election during Holy Week, two days before Good Friday, saying it would have a "disparaging" effect on Newfoundland's still-prevailing religious observance. And a night earlier with Royal Week, too if the only Ottawa Liberals can manage to welcome the occasion home on Monday, April 5, it will leave liberal Peckford with little choice but to step-mismanage it. His last official weekend is in order to greet the Queen.

—RAYMOND JONES

## Emasculated mission to the East

Trade Minister Ed Leamy sat forth with other hair and silver to argue to his battle with the Japanese last week. But at the end of four days of talks in Tokyo he was irritated and deeply disappointed. He stated that one Japanese minister had not been sufficiently prepared for the talks and that the Tokyo government had rejected all his proposals. Then, Leamy declared bluntly that protectionist forces would make in Canada as a result of his emasculated mission.

Leamy was the latest of a series of western trade ministers to warn the Japanese that they must accept more and export less to free out the inoperable trading relationships between Japan and the rest of the industrial world. French Trade Minister Michel Jobert also visited Tokyo on a similar mission last week and repeated Leamy's message, although in more subdued tones. New-Canadian diplomats in Japan said that Leamy's comments were the most direct yet delivered against the Japanese by any senior western minister, although he was backed up next month when French President François Mitterrand visits for talks with Prime Minister Brian Mulroney in June.

For his part, Leamy was accompanied by 50 blue-ribbon Canadian businessmen, including Ben Phillips, president of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, who wanted to examine just how much the Japanese have opened their market to Canadian exports. The Japanese—after years of complaints by westerners that their trading procedures and their trade customs regulations were being used to block imports—recently announced that they would remove or lower 62 of the so-called non-tariff barriers. "I am sure you are well aware that there is a great deal of skepticism and even cyni-

cism with respect to actual opportunities these measures will create," Leamy told a luncheon meeting of Japanese and Canadian businessmen. Leamy said that Japan has a special trade responsibility because of its great wealth—it is the second-strongest economy on the globe after the United States. And he added that the Japanese must live up to those obligations. "It is a responsibility that cannot be shirked as Japan's own long-term interest," he said.

Leamy declared that he went to Japan to propose that government and industry extend a voluntary arrangement that expires on March 31 limiting Japanese car exports to Canada to 174,000 each a year. He also wanted to reach an accord on the use of Canadian auto parts in cars to be sold back to Canada.

It is that he was unsuccessful. Leamy could not convince the Japanese that Canadian cars no longer undercut the export of 38 million worth of auto parts to Japan while Japan exports \$1.5 billion worth of motor vehicles and parts to Canada. "I regret that we were not able to convince our Japanese friends to the serious consequences to our domestic market," he said sadly.

The final hurdle was still to come. Another one of Leamy's Tokyo missions was to seek increases in exports of Canadian dressed apples, pears and firm apples, which there is a 10-per-cent Japanese tariff—much discourages the use of the word by Japanese. Leamy charged that Canada has been paying for the elimination of the tariff for at least eight years, but, "when I found the Japanese government [Minister Shiro Tanaka] was not even aware of it." That led to an unpleasant week for the Canadians in the Land of the Rising Sun and it provided a stark preview of negotiations to come.

—BYRON FOLEY in Tokyo

Leamy and International Trade Minister Shiro Tanaka after eight years' nothing



Fadden: 'an idiot' in the time

## The languages of politics

The federal government deployed 4,075 "person-years" last year and spent \$4.5 million promoting language instruction in the federal civil service. Though the money is a mere fraction of total federal outlays of \$70 billion, the spending is best known across great stretches of English Canada as the tab for "bilingualism" or "bilingualism." But are the national institutions doing anything to cure a lingering disease?

Not much, according to Parliament's linguistic watchdog, Max Vachon, who unleashed his annual muckraker last week. Procrastination of schooling in the other language for minorities is varied by "an essentially power struggle" between Ottawa and the provinces. New constitutional guarantees for minority education rights are significant, but their vagueness—where numbers warrant—may "fuel another generation of linguistic foes." When Vachon was drafted, will the message take in that "we are a long way from having cleared the minefields of misconception and intolerance that surround our linguistic landscape."

While the federal is B111 in C+ last year for efforts to promote across in both languages, Vachon said he is "in a way to find ways to promote in the use of French as a language of work in



federal institutions." Powerful central agencies of government, charged with pushing top priorities such as bilingualism, are among the worst offenders on Yalden's list. With glowing exceptions such as the Department of External Affairs and the Public Service Commission, the key government agencies are run in English—with francophones assigned largely to clerical and administrative tasks. The fact that 33 of some 50 governmental bodies are unilingual, Yalden reports, "test evidence to the extent that French has no place in the boardrooms of the nation."

Among the prime offenders [with few francophones among managers] are Economic Development [two out of 13], Social Development [two out of 11] and Prisoner [five out of 30]. Even departments reporting to Pierre Trudeau get mixed reviews.

While 90 per cent of 255 posts at the Privy Council office designated as requiring two languages are staffed by bilingual officials, only two of the 19 senior executives are French-speakers. Not surprisingly, out of 139 job evaluations performed in francophone offices last year, 90 were carried out in English. All the federal-provincial relations departments, which handles constitutional affairs, Yalden says employees have finally started answering the telephone in both languages. But only one senior executive in francophone and a mere 10 per cent of internal documents are written in French. Trudeau's personal political staff is the Prime Minister's Office gives a better mark: five of the two advisors, 15 senior managers are English, five are French. For all that, 18 senior officials speak only English, thereby inhibiting a greater use of French at work.

Despite signs of progress over last year, Yalden concludes that "the god-fathers of language reform, the central agencies, have not managed to take departmental slowwalkers out of their slumber." The bilingual ideal may be a remote thing. The CRTC's nightly *Journal* tackled native recreation last week, the minister responsible, André Gauthier, declined to appear for the debate—fearing that he would lose control of the airwaves in a francophone audience to show those doors imperial gaffes. But Dr. Yalden prescribes even larger doses, now that Pierre-Canada has 1,400 stations across the country, he wants to use bilingual signs and billboards at stations where travellers from both languages will come and at all points along the Trans-Canada highway. In his campaign, Yalden clearly wants to put an eye in the task.

—ROBERT LEWIS

\*Francophones make up 15 per cent of senior management up from 10 per cent in 1975 and 30 per cent of the total population.

## Lament for a Scottish terrier

He was the self-appointed "Democrat's Revenge" on Parliament Hill, a scrapper who carried the stories of his gentleman's club traditions. If there were embarrassing and lingering questions about Pierre Trudeau's expense accounts, Tom Cochrane asked them. If there were disturbing blow-by-blow secrets about foreign exploits



Cochrane of expense accounts and spins

across activities in Canada, Cochrane ascribed them. He prided and prodded with such single-minded tenacity that the disgruntled prime minister once invited him to live into the St. James Drive swimming pool—before it was filled. But the gutsy Ontario Conservative MP—once named "I will not be moved"—was finally released last week at the age of 59 by his third heart attack.

A freewheeling maverick, Cochrane was a late convert to the Conservative cause after decades of service in Liberal back rooms. His combative definition in 1975 was prompted by federal plans to merge all bilingual customs offices at two Ontario international bridges Cochrane fanned, fired fettle tempers and finally took 15 members of the Liberal Liberal executive across party lines. It was the dark exhalation of a typically brawling and occasionally insensitive campaign

to preserve lost jobs. But the dramatic point was cross-Canada headfakes and left Cochrane saddled with an enduring reputation as a bigot.

Nine months later—amid intense Liberal duress—the rebel, once more company president from Brockville, Ont., was installed in Ottawa as a fledgling Conservative MP. And while his fiercest buddies booed and jeered, the Revenge of the Rebelled Campaigner roared. For the next 10 years, Cochrane peppered the government with irritating questions about Trudeau's spending habits, about his notorious free-wheeling use of government aircraft and about abuse of public facilities. After one humiliating and inadvertent disclosure to Cochrane in 1987, the government was forced to rework its procedure for answering written questions. Cochrane's assault persisted. Since the opening of the current Commons session in April, 1989, he slipped an astounding 1,241 inquiries onto the Order Paper.

His frenetic one-man show made him a lot more his own party—and an occasional thorn in his own leader's side. But it also earned him some status among disenchanted civil servants and his beleaguered "lucky guy" constituents. Although he rarely attended strategy party caucuses, Cochrane often managed to disrupt the Commons with his startling revelations like unreported lists of Soviet spies and gleefully disclosed espionage networks.

There, the first heart attack struck in 1975. A second followed during the Commons leadership convention in 1976. A frightened Cochrane vowed to retire—but he never could. The final attack hit while he and his second wife, Jennifer, were waiting for the opening of a local party meeting in Brockville. The funeral was held three days last weekend. Typically, Cochrane's instructions had stipulated that everyone should avoid black clothing and that Ralph's champagne should be served in plastic cups. "The day after the Scottish terrier that grab somebody by the past leg and won't let go," asked his longtime political enemy Art Macdonald. "Sometimes I thought that was Tom—then others gave me a second look." His last wish—that Cochrane be buried last month that he had not immediately as his life was in danger. But there was some force within him that drove him. "He would've not agreed a party name. There will just never be another like him." —MARY JAMGIAN

## SRO in the House of Lords

In the red-threaded, stained-glass magnificence of the highest legal authority in the Commons world, the House of Lords gave Britain's approval in principle last week to the partition of Canada's constitution without even facing the integrity of a formal vote. Despite the excited anticipation that had surrounded the prospects of a full-scale, old-fashioned row in the Lords over the Canada bill, it was meekly passed on "the nod." There are still some formalities to be overcome in the partition process, but the Queen is now understood to have already checked her diary for dates available to deliver the Canadian constitution personally to the Canadian people.

The result of the second-reading debate—in which the Liberal Opposition did not even push its rather weak amendment to protect the rights of the native peoples—produced a euphoric reaction from Jean Chrétien: "The justice

## The only one who looked comfortable was the gnomish figure in the middle of the woodcock who supervised it all

minister was in the visitors' gallery with the Canadian High Commissioner, Jean Wadda, for the event. They have been present at the chambers of both the Commons and the Lords at every stage of the bill so far—resembling the disinterested nod of his in the gallery at some university court case—but this was undoubtedly the most significant moment both of them. Chrétien declared with understandable enthusiasm: "We have won our case!"

That was only a mild exaggeration, although it did overlook the fact that about half of the speakers in the debate expressed their basic opposition to the proper safeguards of native rights. It is at this issue that the radical division at Westminster about the rectitude of entering the bill set controverted, and a large number of amendments dealing with the question raised are still promised for the committee stage. But that will wait, however, in that final passage will take a little longer.

If there had been any doubt about the interest in the subject among the peers, it was dispelled by the impressive scale of the turnout for the debate. Most British commentators are not only under-

stood in the Canadian constitutional question, they are scarcely aware that it is currently a matter for debate. For their part, most MPs, too, regard it as a fruit-cake for the Queen in the most boring bill of the year. Accordingly, by extraordinary contrast, the benches of the Lords were packed; the chamber was hotter than when the peers last debated increasing air shops. Even more surprising, after 90 minutes of debate only one elderly peer was evidently asleep.

It is sometimes difficult to tell the membership of the Lords was once described as evidence of the fact that there is a life after death, and many of them are very old indeed. As a result, so many of the benches remained empty, the authorities have considered placing ten loudspeakers in the backs of all the benches. To see them, young Lords must always enter in order to hear what is being said—and not infrequently a number read out.

For the Canada debate, however, the benches were almost too crowded for comfort. An overflow of peers sat on the steps of the throne, where the Queen sits once a year for the opening of Parliament. A further contingent of extras crowded at the back of the House. The only person who looked comfortable was the Lord Chancellor, Lord Hailsham, a gnomish figure plumped in the middle of the woodcock from which he supervised proceedings.

Foreign Secretary Lord Carrington urged the crowded Lords not to tinker with the draft of "a constitution made in Canada for Canadians." Then, Lord Ruckelshaus of Montreal spoke in French, and the peers turned to each other to ask who he was. He answered the question in English. Chrétien had inherited the title in 1988 and had been a member of the House since 1984, so that his maiden speech, he said—*not* because, as his Albanian accent indicates, he is a Canadian who has lived all his life in Canada.

There was another maiden speech, from Lord Rodney—who had waited nine years to take the opportunity—and there was a moving contribution from the Earl of Ruff. A great grandson of a former Canadian governor general, a socialist cleric, Lord Soper, described the atrocious conditions in which many Indians live, and one of the Law Lords, Lord Scarman, analysed the legal implications of the bill. There are a great many more experts on Indian problems than have spoken in the Lords, but then, as one of them said privately later, he had been interviewed in the question since his mother had bought him a wig when he was 3.

—JULIA LANGTON is London.

\*The oldest Lord, 80, died.

## TORONTO

## 'Go in peace,' and then six shots

The time before the Ontario Supreme Court last week resolved racial factions in a Sikh temple fighting over election procedures. Once, Foushees had been hurriedly summoned that morning in full to his law firm partner, who was busy in another court. For all that, Foushees served his clients well, and Mr. Justice John Obedt upheld his arguments. But it was to be the 52-year-old lawyer's final case. No sooner had the judge grudgingly turned back sides to "go in peace," than a spectacular fire on deafening shots from a .307-magnum revolver, killing Foushees and gravely wounding Bhoginder Singh Foushees (who died later) and Amarjit Singh Tohi.



Courthouse victim: the pure way?

Police immediately began searching for Kabbir Singh Tohi, a Sikh extremist who had called for vigilante action to combat racist anti-Sikh members of Toronto's Sikh community. But the shock to the city was almost palpable. Foushees was the second lawyer to be murdered in a Toronto courthouse in a little more than three years. Foushees was shot Dec. 5, 1978, during a courtroom child custody case.

A special alarm vibrated among Canada's 20,000 Sikhs, worried about the uneasy connection between an apparently innocent act of violence and a place of worship. The Sikhs, in fact, belong to a proud tradition that glorifies the noble warrior. Even now, a paramount symbol is the wearing of the kirpan—the sword or knife worn to display true belief's readiness to uphold the "pure way." —

# Central America at the abyss

**I**t was Wednesday on the road to El Progreso in the Salvadoran province of Chalchitlan. To the right of the highway lay the body of a woman in her late 30s dressed in a pink polyester dress. Between her matted hair and nose was a gaping hole. One of her legs was twisted sideways, her brown thighs smeared with blood. She was herefirst, but she had painted her nails a dark raspberry. None of the local peasants recognized the woman, but someone passed she was a

stain in a diase of death. In the past four years at least 75,000 people have died in Guatemala, El Salvador and Nicaragua. And while many of these are victims of fighting between military rulers and coalitions of reformists whose political allegiances swing from extreme left to center-right, the majority of the victims simply stumbled into the vicious cross fire.

The grisly death on the El Progreso road was far from the region's only outrage last week. In El Salvador itself,

Caribbean initiative package to Congress and appeared ready to soften his belated posture. That news may have signalled a readiness to negotiate on the basis of the Mexican peace proposal, including talks among all parties directly involved—as well as between Washington and Havana.

Indeed, it was a week of picking up the pieces in Washington. And once again, Secretary of State Alexander Haig was at the centre of the drama, following a series of propaganda pitfalls that damaged American credibility at home and abroad. The state department made a succession of gaffes in its increasingly anxious attempts to prove a direct connection between the Soviets and Cubans and the leftists in Nicaragua and El Salvador. For one thing, a Nicaraguan said to have been captured in El Salvador was revealed to be a student passing through the country. Then,

or authorizing covert actions there without legislative approval. Liberal congressmen had been alarmed by reports that a CIA-funded, 500-member paramilitary force had been formed to upset the Nicaraguan regime.

The Reagan forces were also heavily engaged throughout the week in pressing for approval of the Caribbean Basin Initiative (CBI) after it was introduced formally in Congress. Among other things, the CBI proposes tax credits for American business investing in the area, the establishment of a U.S. import-export holding for nearly all goods produced in the Caribbean and a \$200-million economic aid package. "There's no question we should have done this a long time ago," said Thomas Sanders, the assistant secretary of state for Latin America. But congressmen perceived that the package will not receive quick passage because Reagan has



Guatemala in a dash and in a hurry: action a gaily death on the El Progreso road



Salvadoran troops with wounded guerrilla; war victim's bones: vicious cross fire

"underbrush"—a lake native woman from a nearby city. Overheard, soldiers, El Salvador's birds of war, scolded on broad, black wings. Salvadoran journalist Wilfredo Cardenas planned up: "Some day we are going to make the spokes our national bird," he sighed. "They have the best of our country in their stomachs."

The soldiers' belief will be even more certain this week as El Salvador's guerrilla armies strive to live up to their promise to launch a major offensive as a prelude to the tattered nation's Sunday election. But at worst, the offensive will be just another burst of the bloody effort of Central American soldiers, targeted by the United States as the next arena in its global confrontation with the Soviet Union, the region has unwillingly accepted the world

rebel troops struck into the suburbs of San Salvador and four Dutch television journalists died mysteriously in a barrage of bullets. At the same time, the revolutionary junta in Nicaragua, faced with internal sabotage and reports of CIA-backed insurgents in the Honduran border, declared a 30-day emergency and pinned its hopes for survival on a peace initiative launched by Mexican President Jose Lopez Portillo. In Guatemala, the grinding civil war intensified as the wake of fraudulent national elections—and the new guerrilla conflict vowed to intensify its battle to oust the country's newly elected right-wing president. For its part, an increasingly frustrated Reagan administration, unable to produce proof of the "smoking gun" of Cuban-Nicaraguan involvement in El Salvador, introduced its battered

Salvadoran rebel radio transmitter, supposedly in Nicaragua, was found to be in El Salvador after all. Capping the setbacks, a 10-year-old Nicaraguan wounded U.S. officials and reporters at a state department briefing by recounting his tale of Nicaraguan involvement in El Salvador. U.S. authorities resented somewhat by sending the man home to a bereft welcome in Nicaragua. But the net effect of all the wandering was to leave American public opinion more apprehensive about the administration's policies.

According to recent polls, Americans are united only in one conviction: that no U.S. combat troops should be sent to El Salvador. Meanwhile in Congress, the administration had to fight off a series of moves to stop the White House from introducing troops into the region

linked it to its own strategic interpretation of the region's problems. Not only that, U.S. businessmen grumbled that the middle of a hurricane is a poor time to sell investment in a region torn by violence.

That concern was heightened by developments in El Salvador. Monitored by an international press corps numbering more than 500, the ruling junta, led by President Jose Napoleon Aguilar, attempted to prepare a smooth walk-up to polling day. But guerrillas of the Fuerzas Armadas de Liberación (Frente), who only a week earlier had nearly paralyzed the country with strikes on major cities and highways, refused to co-operate. While the movement's leader, Captain Carlos, was holding talks with his leader Yasser Arafat in Beirut, his forces were ending the suburbs



of San Salvador. At week's end there was something of a lull in advance of the expected pre-election storm. Guerrilla leaders and the arm of the attacks this week will be to human rather than annihilate. "We use the offensive as consolidating our military position for negotiations," said Ferrada Cerezo, a member of the guerrillas' five-man general command.

The rebels' apparent moderation threw into bold relief the inmoderate activities of El Salvador's right-wing extremists. A little-known group, the Gen. Maximiliano Hernández Martínez Anti-Communist Alliance of El Salvador, first issued a death list containing the names of 20 foreign journalists alleged to have favored the guerrillas in their reporting. Then, four

Dutch journalists on their way to a reunion with relatives were slain by unknown assailants. Other journalists who saw the bodies in the morgue say at least three of them showed unmistakable signs of torture and bullet wounds in the temple or back of the head. The drastic reprisals at victims of the country's right-wing death squads. The Dutch government swiftly ordered its ambassador to conduct an investigation, and the Duarte government held an emergency meeting to weigh the consequences of the murders on its international image.

The atmosphere was no less tense in neighboring Nicaragua. The ruling Somoza junta declared a 30-day state of emergency and called up the country's 4,000-strong militia after subversive forces of two brigades on the Honduran border. That is an area where members of former Nicaraguan dictator Anastasio Somoza's National Guard—said to be American-trained and -trained—frequently snatch raids from Honduran sanctuaries. And after last week's incidents, 56 Americans in Nicaragua wrote to the U.S. ambassador in Managua, Lawrence Ferrada, saying they had proof of clandestine U.S. activity in the country. They letter called on Washington to aid Nicaragua—instead of "arming its neighbors and threatening it with military action." For its part, Nicaragua sought an early meeting of the United Nations Security Council to discuss its fear that the United States is planning an invasion. At the same time, Nicaraguan diplomats encouraged the Caribbean to hold discussions on the Mexican "grape war" with Cuban leader Fidel Castro.



Rebused revolutionary in Nicaragua officials were stunned

and the Mexicans themselves. Apart from sporadic military activity in the capital, Guatemala was eerily quiet in the aftermath of its violence-scarred presidential campaign. The election of Angel Anibal Guevara, hand-picked candidate of the ruling far-right Popular Democratic Front, was dubbed a fraud by Guevara's opponents. And now, seething strife between the army and a new four-group rebel coalition—the National Revolutionary Unity—threatens to make Guatemala a worse sibling, grander than El Salvador. In 1980, the monthly death tolls from political violence ranged between 70 and 100. In January, the toll rose to 536.

The future of the whole area seems to grow darker almost daily. With its policy roots firmly planted in the same Marxist doctrine that sent U.S. Marines into Nicaragua in 1982 and the Dominican Republic in 1965, the Reagan gov-

Dutch journalists before the murder: signs of torture



ernment remains committed to fight what it sees as the hand of Moscow in the streets and countryside of the region. "If the U.S. doesn't act now, Reagan will eventually lose Cuba and will be going to Central America. Meanwhile, Washington's UN ambassador, Jeane Kirkpatrick, argued that Central America has been set alight by arms from outside—not simply by social reaction.

That stance has put Washington at odds with a large body of public opinion both at home and abroad. European governments, already worried by potential exposure in the advance word's such issues as international finance and Poland, have refrained from strong public criticism. But France, the Netherlands and West Germany all

have close contacts with the Nicaraguan junta and with the Communist events in El Salvador's underground opposition. But the European press has been far less restrained, mounting merciless attacks on a policy that the London Times last week said was "driving their countries into the arms of the Russians."

The Canadian response has been more equivocal—walking softly and carrying a small stick, as current Ottawa humor has it. After debating whether to send observers to El Salvador's elections—the final choice was against doing so, which raised Washington's hackles—Ottawa last week ordered local human rights groups. A late and unexpected instruction to Ambassador Yves Beaudin at the UN Human Rights Commission in Geneva led to Canadian abstention on a Mexican motion condemning resolutions in El Salvador and elsewhere. The vote placed Canada in the same camp as Washington and such loyal supporters as Britain and Australia. However, Canadian officials insist that Canada is attempting to develop a Central America policy that is independent of the United States. As an example, they say, opposition to subsidies of arms to the left (the right) was reiterated in Washington last month, when Ottawa became concerned about the administration's increasingly belligerent rhetoric. Canadian officials say that both they and the Mexicans are puzzled by the differences between Washington's public hard line against Soviet interference and its private acknowledgment that the region's troubles spring primarily from poverty and repression.

Officials in Ottawa insist that

the guerrillas are also holding their own in the economically significant coastal region, including Cayulais and Guasaca, within easy striking distance of El Salvador's coffee, cotton and sugar fields and the major arteries leading to the capital. As the election nears, the war is expected to shift toward the capital and into the wealthy coffee lands of the west, the country's conservative heartland.

Officials in Ottawa insist that

## Futile fight against a shadowy foe

The nation-driven journey of Guatemala, as best northeast of San Salvador, has become the scene of a regularly repeated ritual. It is one of the areas where El Salvador's left-wing guerrillas habitually hold impromptu mass conferences for visiting journalists. Then, after such series of stories has appeared, the army launches a cleanup operation. But when the soldiers have left, the guerrillas promptly reappear to look for another briefing. It is one of the most striking illustrations of the futility and frustration overshadowing the Salvadorean war against a rebel force growing in strength from week to week.

Just how strong the guerrillas are is expected to become even more clear in

All that is cold comfort for the U.S. government, which had hoped that the election would legitimize the military-civilian junta led by José Napoleón Duarte. The official view still is that the election is a step toward the creation of a democratic context. But the wrong way will raise more political problems than it solves.

The election itself is for 40 seats in a new Constituent Assembly. Four major parties are in the field—a fifth, the PAN, the only party to describe itself as "non-aligned," withdrew recently. The party said that it could not ensure its candidates' safety. The new Constituent Assembly will have full executive and legislative powers and will name a provisional president and vice-president. It

and it is a new grouping of the center-right, which includes heavy backing from moderate business sectors.

The National Alliance (ANPPA) is the party of the extreme right and it is led by Maj. Roberto D'Aubignan, a protégé of Guatemala's right winger Mario Sison. Among other things, D'Aubignan contends that it will be necessary to kill half a million Guatemalans to pacify the country. His figure for El Salvador is more conservative—only 250,000. U.S. officials were seriously concerned about the rapid advances made by ANPPA prior to the election, and the Duarte government has never officially rescinded an order for D'Aubignan's arrest following two attempted coups last year.



Guerrillas holding up two passengers; soldier guarding burned-out truck; sophisticated defense and support systems

the countdown to Sunday's election. Rebel leaders have openly threatened to do everything in their power to disrupt the polling, which they consider a farce. And they have laid all the groundwork for such action. The guerrillas now control up to a third of the country, beginning with their traditional strongholds in the superheated northern provinces of Chimaltenango, Cabañas and Moravia. During the past year they have developed sophisticated defense and support systems, including field hospitals, classrooms and co-operative farms.

The guerrillas are also holding their own in the economically significant coastal region, including Cayulais and Guasaca, within easy striking distance of El Salvador's coffee, cotton and sugar fields and the major arteries leading to the capital. As the election nears, the war is expected to shift toward the capital and into the wealthy coffee lands of the west, the country's conservative heartland.

there, it should have more authority than the Duarte government. In fact, however, there is virtually no chance that any one party will win a clear majority.

Guatemala's centre-right Christian Democrats, one of two moderate forces in an otherwise right-wing lineup, themselves predict that they may gain only 20 percent of the vote. As a result, power will have to be bartered among the other parties—perhaps at impossible task.

The main parties in the post-election negotiations will be

The National Conciliation Party (PCN). It is the same traditional military force that fraudulently installed the dictatorship displaced in the 1975 coup. The group's behind-the-scenes leader is Gen. Eugenio Vidales Camacho, head of the National Guard. He was being groomed for the presidency before this coup.

Reformist Action. The party is headed by lawyer Rector Portillo Moya,

For their part, the guerrillas have offered a negotiated settlement, including a suggestion that they would assume a minority position in a coalition government. But the Salvadorean government and the Reagan administration have rejected the idea. At the same time, however, in San Salvador have begun recognizing that the military and the bourgeoisie have adopted a take-it-or-leave-it attitude toward the desperately needed peace talks. For one thing, the government's commitment for large new contracts now exceeds 38 percent.

Meanwhile in San Salvador, the national university has been looted and closed by government forces. Now, center families arrive from the hills to strip the trees from the roof of the gated military school and sell them for \$300 apiece. And that contrast between grinding poverty and official corruption did nothing to inspire confidence for post-election negotiations. —ANNE NELSON in San Salvador



Canada is not nearly as bothered as the Americans about the Cuban presence in Nicaragua—Cuba was a natural source for quick supplies of weapons and technicians. Ottawa is more concerned about the rapid buildup of Nicaragua's armed forces. But officials concede that the country has reason to be concerned about the possibility of U.S. intervention.

Compared with Vietnam, the battles in Central America are being conducted on a different scale. In El Salvador, an action involving 200 troops is considered major. But for the U.S. government, and the region's warring forces, the outcome has taken on biblical proportions. The Sandinistas are an organized, disciplined force. The 28-month-old revolution "broke by brick and mortar by house," according to Defense Minister Humberto Ortega.

## Charting currents of change

Central America's latest of tranquility have been about as rare as its pitifully few periods of general prosperity. Still, when independence from Spain and Portugal was granted in 1821, it came quietly, with one solid protest from a faltering colonial power. For their part, the rebels' impulse for independence was nationalistic rather than political. They did not try to reform the imperial system. They merely transferred land and power to the natives. Big money could be earned from the land, first for the wealthy Creole descendants of the early Spanish settlers, then for the Europeans who came with the start of coffee cultivation—which dramatically changed the region's economic prospects. U.S. entrepreneurs, too, were quick to exploit the region's economic opportunities, and Central America became a prime producer of sugar, coffee, tobacco and rum for the American "after-dinner trade."

In their happy slaveholding state, the landowners considered the shag-haired Indians to be the personal guardians of their wealth and the defenders of orderliness as they defined it. For the common people, the army was one of the few paths toward wealth or status. Seen as a hard-core Indian by could make good peasants who were actually enough to those that opportunity remained landless and docile.

Eventually, that situation could not last, and the challenges were frequent, brutal and varied. Nationalist-led rebellion against leaders thought to be proxies of the U.S. At the same time, political radicalization produced chaos for redistribution of land, improved education and an end to official corruption. The 1969 Cuban revolution, which opened the political model in

Straining it open to immediate talks with Washington, the ruling three-man junta which it will consider sending troops to El Salvador only if the United States of Argentina—which is playing an increasingly important supporting role on the side of the regime's demagogues—moves in.

In Guatemala, the election of Gen. Guzman is expected only to increase the armed struggle. The Christian Democratic candidate, Alejandro Maldonado, was widely expected to go underground following the fraudulent result. The Guatemalan military's increasing activity as an economic force has deeply angered the private sector, which claims that corruption is driving the country to financial ruin. A general state of anarchy is in the air in the all-rich territory of El Pinar, lands and rights have been quietly handed over to members

of the officer corps. The remaining landowners and manufacturers who have formed the country's ruling elite are embittered over being cut out.

El Salvador, too, is on the brink of economic disaster, and could explode over the chaos of the military struggle between Andale and Washington is clearly not prepared to act before Sunday's elections. Its cautious exploration of the options in Mexico's peace plan gave rise to hopes of a change of direction. But, still, it has ordered on at least two occasions with Mexican Foreign Minister Jorge Castaneda. And last week Guatemala met Cuba and Nicaragua representatives to deliver the U.S. view. For its part, the Nicaraguan junta has agreed to discuss any American proposals that would produce more U.S. aid and lead to a nonaggression pact. In exchange, Managua would guarantee to

murdered. But the name of Sandino was to haunt Somoza and his successors.

In 1952, the Sandinist National Liberation Front was formed, and guerrilla activities increased. In reply, Somoza initiated a campaign of murder and torture that alienated most of the population, with the middle class enraged by the dictator's attempts to monopolize business activity.

Fighting reached a peak in 1976, with the assassination of Opposition Leader Pedro Jacinto Chamorro Cardenal and the seizure by the Sandinistas of the National Palace and, later, the legislature. The following year the rebels who by this time enjoyed wide international backing, renewed their offensive. And Gen. Anastasio Somoza Debayle, son of the first dictator, was forced to leave the country. He was subsequently assassinated in exile in Paraguay.

In El Salvador, a Communist-inspired revolt was led by Farabundo Martí in 1932. In the 1950s, Martí had fought with Sandino in Nicaragua but he was ousted for his leftist inclinations. Back in



El Salvador, he put together a rebel force that ranged from university professors to angry Indians. Within a month, in January, 1962, nearly 100 members of the Salvadoran military class were dead. But the government's reprisals were savage: nearly 30,000 Indians and peasants were killed.

For 40 years, resistance to the dominance of Salvadoran's ruling dynasty was ineffectual. But in 1970, the Com-

monwealth was torn apart. The Com- increasingly teased the rebels. Another fraudulent election in 1977 and the murder of an activist priest, Rev. Rutilio Grande, by a right-wing death squad, galvanized events. The Sandinista victory in Nicaragua emboldened an old mixture of 200,000 adobe collective and liberal soldiers and civilians, who staged a bloody coup in October, 1979. The previous five-year junta soon flew apart. And with the murder of the



Nicaraguan marchers with Sandino poster: facing the unknown fate of all

monarchy, broke away from the mass opposition force. Then, the Communists set up a guerrilla organization called the Popular Front for Liberation. Over the next few years their guerrilla groups of Marxist persuasion joined the movement. At the same time, there was a strong polarization of Salvadoran society. Moderates, disgusted over the 1972 explosion by the military of a frustrated Christian Democrat presidential candidate Jose Napoleón Arce, moved

reformer Archbishop Oscar Romero, the country was back in its bloody orbit of terror.

In November, 1980, the government, now shorn of all liberal members, moved to kill its leaders, a coalition that was acting as the guerrilla's un-armed, unofficial political wing. The act signalled the true beginning of El Salvador's current civil war.

In Guatemala, attempts at reform have been paid for just as high a

cost: the army failed to El Salvador. But as combatants and outsiders alike avoided the outcome of events, it was clear that much of the severe change that has shattered the old model of political, social and economic life in Central America is irreversible—and incomplete. Even if solutions are found in Nicaragua, El Salvador and Guatemala after more than a decade of Costa Rica, for one, is near bankruptcy, while the democracy of poverty-stricken Honduras (page 34) is in a fragile state. The peace prospects for the region's warring inhabitants are still remote. The chances of Apocalypse Again still grow—Thomas HOPKINS, with Alan NIXON and Mark SHAY in San Salvador; Michael Pomeroy in Washington; Peter Levin in Brussels; John Hogg in Ottawa.

price. The 1980 election of nationalist Col. Jacobo Arbenz led to an attempt to expel American troops from the country. The Eisenhower administration moved quickly. A CIA-backed group of mercenaries under Col. Carlos Castillo Armas overthrew the government. Armas then dismissed Arbenz's reforms and laid the basis for three decades of right-wing rule.

But the opposition forces were not stilled. Inspired by the success of the Cuban revolution, a group of young Guatemalan army officers attempted a coup in 1960. They failed, but the officers they formed with the rural poor launched a guerrilla movement that grew throughout the 1960s. The introduction of U.S. counterinsurgency techniques and the development of brutal death squads ended the insurgency in 1968. But civilian opposition continued, and in 1980 the brutal killing of 45 peasants who occupied the Spanish Embassy in Guatemala City triggered armed resistance. Although not as well publicized as the Salvadoran war, the clash in Guatemala has been just as bloody. Estimates of the dead in the past two years vary from 6,000 to 12,000.

The domino theory has long been a favorite of North American analysts in dealing with strategic planning from Southeast Asia to the Horn of Africa. But in use of the word's paradox of the very Central American region, Costa Rica and Honduras have had no internal social revolutions with relative success. But given the continuation of military politics, El Salvador and Guatemala have been the focus of domestic change. For its part, Nicaragua faces perhaps the easiest fate. It seems destined to return to the old national way or be pushed desperately into the Soviet camp.

—ANNE NIXON

# Illusion of calm at the crossroads

For Gen Gustavo Alvarez, the situation is clear-cut and easily understood. "The Honduran peasant might be just as hungry as the Salvadoran peasant," says Alvarez, head of the Honduran joint chiefs of staff, cocked glass in hand. "The difference is that the Honduran peasant doesn't know he's hungry." Indeed, Honduras more than other Central American countries could benefit from the Reagan administration's torrents of elections and massive aid. The irony is that its peaceful domestic scene may be lost for the very reason that it has been targeted for salvation—at borders on the three most explosive countries in the Americas: Guatemala, El Salvador and Nicaragua.

only causes of revolution. Where the Salvadorean and Guatemalan governments have been rigid in the face of demands for change, the Hondurans have shown more flexibility. In the mid-1980s the government backed the national business-worker unions in their strikes against the U.S. fruit companies, giving birth to a full-blown and officially tolerated labor movement. The 1980s and '90s brought a massive migration of the landless poor to occupy and cultivate idle land holdings. In a surprising number of cases, they received government support.

In addition, there is relative freedom of the press. The most respected newspaper of the country, *El Tiempo* of San Pedro Sula, has a democratic liberal bent.

tured arms caches as signs of a looming local terrorist campaign.

Honduran military sources say that a group of conservatives from the chiefs of staff visited Washington in mid-1991, asking for several hundred million dollars in aid over a three-year period in return for serving as the "natural stopper" for Communist expansion in Central America. Washington met part of the request, but saw U.S. military advisers are against at the way arms delivered to Honduras are turning up in the hands of guerrilla forces.

For their part, Honduran civilians who placed their hopes in the reforms promised by the new civilian administration of President Roberto Soto Guevara may find them postponed by the



Salvadoran refugee camp in Honduras; Mosquito Indians shelter after fleeing Nicaragua; drawing the country into the maelstrom

Even before Reagan's announcement of the Caribbean Basin Initiative (CBI), Honduras was slated to receive a hefty \$65 million from the United States Agency for International Development, up to \$40 million in military loans and sales, plus favored status from international lending and minimum restrictions. Now it is also a leading beneficiary of the CBI. For some Hondurans, that presents an opportunity to pull the country out of centuries of underdevelopment and isolation. For others, it is a devil's bargain that will draw the quiet, agricultural little country into the regional maelstrom.

Honduras is the second poorest country in the hemisphere, next only to Haiti. Yet it has enjoyed the widest civil liberties and it has the weakest guerrilla movement in the area. It also offers a counterargument to those who contend that poverty and mismanagement are the

At the same time, university students protest an annual pollution, *The Endless River*, that poses sanitation and ecological risks at the country's most prominent public institutions.

But Honduras, geographically the gateway to Central America, could also become its doormat, and the cherished freedom could be smothered by the conflicts swirling around it. Honduras served as the first refuge for the thousands of pre-Somoza National Guardsmen who escaped Nicaragua after the 1979 Sandinista victory. They have since set up recruitment centers in the capital, Tegucigalpa, and training camps on the Nicaraguan border, with the full acquiescence of the Honduran government. Salvadoran and Guatemalan guerrillas use the country as a training point for arms brought in from abroad, and Honduran authorities have unfilled gaps locally by displaying cap-

tivations of contemporary life. The 20,000 Salvadoran refugees in Honduras are already creating economic and political pressures. Their numbers are being supplemented by Mosquito Indians at odds with the Hondurans, and hoards of fleeing Guatemalans are anticipated in the future.

There are warning symptoms, too, that Honduras may not be immune to other Central American diseases. A death squad called RUMBO (for Honduran Anti-Communist Movement) has made a number of appearances in the Salvadoran border region. And in recent weeks several new burial fields have been discovered outside Tegucigalpa. "The Hondurans say they will never have a guerrilla problem," Salvadoran army Col. Luis Garcia Gomez told a newspaper recently. "But when it comes, they'll have it worse. After all, they've got more territory to cover." —A.S.



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## Score one for an old-timer

Not letting it, in all things, be lost  
important factor

That enduring truth, passed a few centuries ago by Herodotus, the Greek, states nowhere more delectably than in diplomacy And whatever the state of Leonid Brezhnev's falling physique, the aging Kremlin master showed last week that he has lost none of his sense of timing. At the 17th Congress of Soviet Trade Unions, Brezhnev boldly declared a moratorium on the deployment of theatre nuclear missiles west of the Urals. Moscow would unconditionally demilitarize "a certain number" of medium-range weapons "unless there were an aggravation of the international situation," he said. But the Soviet glove inevitably shrivelled a well-developed fist: if NATO proceeds with its scheduled 1983 deployment of Pershing and cruise missiles in Europe, Brezhnev warned, "this would compel us to place the other side, including the United States, in an analogous position."

The speech was clearly tuned to the times—for two weeks—of U.S.-Soviet talks in Geneva about limiting theatre missiles in Europe. But it also played cleverly to a broadly based nuclear-freeze campaign that is gathering momentum in America. Indeed, the presidential campaign only days after 180 members of Congress formally endorsed a global freeze in the testing, production and deployment of nuclear warheads. Predictably, that resolution has the support of the old Vietnam era peace coalition

More impressively, it has won backing from such establishment figures as William Colby, former director of the CIA.

Similar resolutions have now passed town councils in hundreds of communities across the country. The state of California will almost certainly have the same as its November ballot. At the same time, something sounding oddly like a direct-mail sales agency, the Nuclear Weapons Peace Campaign Coordinators, has been formed to coordinate the church, school and civic groups now signed with the cause. "I feel like I'm on a comet," Cleveland-based Director G. Randall Kohler and the other say.

To the Brezhnev proposal, the Reagan administration responded swiftly and negatively. Its assessment is based on the estimated 300 mobile SS-20 missiles

West Coast demonstrations, supported by establishment figures

Moscow now has in place. Pentagon analysts say this figure probably represents the upper limit of Soviet installations and the unilateral dismantling of some weapons would apply only to older SS-4 and SS-5 missiles, which are being phased out anyway.

What provoked for more interest in Washington was Brezhnev's apparent threat. Privately, the administration seemed to believe that Moscow was raising the possibility of installing nuclear weapons in Cuba or Nicaragua or of stationing submersible-based cruise and ballistic missiles in the Atlantic. "If there is any threat of that sort," said Secretary of Defense Casper Weinberger, "the United States will do whatever is necessary to prevent it."

Governments, of course, rarely negotiate in public, and it is a safe bet that neither the Brezhnev proposal nor Reagan's earlier war option plan—to eliminate all land-based medium-range missiles in Europe—represented a final position. Both are clearly aimed at influencing public opinion.

European reaction to the Brezhnev gambit generally followed the American line, though various governments simultaneously resisted a request by U.S. envoy James Buckley to earth rockets for the Soviets or the Poles. But far more than the Moscow moratorium, the Reagan administration was troubled by the growth of the domestic freeze movement. Its momentum might force international concessions in Washington's nuclear modernization program, even before it was done with the Soviets.

—MICHAEL FISHER in Washington

Buckley in Europe: an apparent threat



## BUSINESS

# The new purveyors of national culture

By Ian Anderson

In any other country it would hardly seem appropriate for the man who had just been handed a money-spinning movie machine to declare the momentously "land of the future." After all, Don MacPherson had become the capo d' tutti capi, the boss of all bosses, in the Canadian film industry. In his hands lie the keys to Canadian pay television, announced to him by the Canadian Radio-television and Television Commission (CRTC). Some people view

him as the man who has changed the face of the Canadian film industry. In his hands lie the keys to Canadian pay television, announced to him by the Canadian Radio-television and Television Commission (CRTC). Some people view

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MacPherson heading over the choice of Canadian culture for protection

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Allard quality TV needs world audience

Edmonton's Symphony backing grants as diverse as Prozac, Huron and Tom Jones. There he sold the product in 60 countries. "In order to produce quality television, you have to be able to sell worldwide to recover your costs," Allard asserts.

While this dilemma haunted larger Canadian producers, Allard plowed \$400,000 as episode into SCTV '89 and found the American NBC network willing to pay \$250,000 per show. The CBC picked up the other \$150,000. The key to Allard's proposal was that revenue from his red-TV shows would not be taken out with the production fees out of the red—meaning Allard has to find a world audience and therefore must budget quality into the show. "Sometimes when you are a newcomer you take a different look at things," remarked Allard. His sentiments echo those voiced earlier by former CBC vice-chairman Charles Duffin. "Not-

ing will change until they [the broadcasters] start treating Canadian content not as a cost of doing business, but as a way of making money."

Metcal has tried to make clear to the licensors that he does, as he said, "mean business." Any failure to live up to content and production commitments may well result in loss of license, he asserted. Metcal's commitment to competition among the different companies has the first-hand worried about shaky franchises. The Young Turks among the regional companies did not quake at the thought of facing the larger monolith of First Choice, however. "We're going to have to program head-to-head and we genuinely believe we can program better for our region of the country," said a cocky Friday MacDonnell, 36, president of the Maritimes licensee, Blue Channel Services Ltd. But the competition, MacPherson estimates, will mean license fees for new Canadian productions will have to be reduced by First Choice, from \$200,000 as high as \$350,000, while the regionals will have to reduce their spending to just \$10,000.

After all the promises of the past year, MacPherson found himself facing a blank page of paper the morning after the decision. Programs had to be bought and put into motion. Deals had to be made with cable companies. Millions of subscribers needed to be reached. "We have to figure out how to market it, how to program it, then, boom, we're off," enthused MacDonnell. And off with it go the far corners of the Canadian entertainment industry.

With John from Gordon Lager in Calgary

MacPherson: The meat and potatoes will be feature time back out of the theatres.



Caribee: pressure to end the system

## A cartel in Telidon's future?

The federal government's three-year effort to market Telidon, its much-praised text-on-computer-based communications system, has been a tough if ever-optimistic battle. But after recent upgrades from the government to take more of a hand in their own futures, several of the largest Canadian videotex companies are now mounting their own united operational marketing effort—in what appears, in at least one form, to be a proposal for a near-cartel in the Canadian videotex marketing establishment.

The move comes at a time when videotex companies and the government are under pressure to prove that Telidon is here to stay. Ever since Telidon—a system for sending words and color pictures back and forth between computer terminals and television sets—was developed in the late '70s by the department of communications (DOC) in Ottawa, the government has been keen to underwrite the industry. One of the main beneficiaries of Ottawa's largesse has been Infomart, the commercial information and videotex venture of Toronto Corp. and Southam Inc. Since Infomart began marketing Telidon in 1979, the DOC has picked up 60 per cent of Infomart's Telidon-related international marketing costs.

With that agreement due to expire at the end of this year, and the DOC committed to phasing out export aid to the industry once it clocks off its knees, Infomart has a particular interest in making the planned association work. Various proposals on the association's eventual form are being guided by Dr-

vid Caribee, Infomart's president, in his role as chairman of the marketing sub-committee of the Canadian Videotex Association Committee (CVAC), an industry-based group that advises the government. Caribee maintains that the plan are nowhere near complete, still others claim one proposed version of an association that surfaced at a March 5 videotext meeting supported that the association should own shares for \$50,000, involving shares would cost \$50,000. Present at the meeting were, among others, Infomart, Nantek Ltd. and other "major players" in the industry. "What would members get for their money?" That was the question I asked, says Dan O'Connell, president of Pactal Information Systems Ltd., a small videotex applications company. "And I guess the rub of it was 'information.' Anything, that is, that will ensure a successful effort in market Telidon abroad."

But what about smaller videotex companies that cannot afford the price of admission? It could be argued, if such an association went ahead, that many a factories or exporters who cannot afford \$10,000 won't be going far in the international videotex market. Even Infomart has had a hard time in the international marketplace. Toronto and Southam have backed Infomart to the tune of at least \$12 million, but the loss of non-domestic clients with which Infomart has actually signed contracts is by now only too familiar. Thus far, the Times Mirror Co. of Los Angeles, Standard Telephone and Radio in Germany and the Venezuelan government. "There's a number of customers we're very close to signing," adds Neil Reid, Infomart's vice-president of marketing, "but I can't tell you who they are." Such is always the case in the future-facing videotex industry.

Nonetheless, there are small videotex companies that find the mere contemplation of an export association to be symptomatic of the Canadian videotex industry's inherent bias toward its biggest players. David Giffney, vice-president of the BC-based Information Technology Group, says his group was turned down for government funds and left underfunded by the federal trade department about a major New York videotex show. Other small players feel that to create a limited-entry marketing club dominated by Infomart is to ask for a monopoly. Even a request to Infomart's for information on how many the external affairs department's Telidon-Marketing Secretariat has spent elicited no co-operation from Director Cameron Miller, who refused to disclose the amount. "Why? 'I don't care to tell you.' Why? 'Just because I decide not to.' Information cascade, indeed."

—LARRY BROWN

## A banker prepares for the hunt

Yves Fichter does not fit the traditional mould of a banker. Tall, with an engaging charm and smiling, good looks, he seems more fitted to a Tel Aviv movie set than to the serious of a bank. Described by his colleagues as a "hunter," Fichter, 44, is the chief executive officer of Bank Hapoalim (Canada), which last week became the latest of the newly chartered

foreign banks—and the first Israeli bank—to open in Canada. And if Fichter represents a new breed of banker, there is little doubt that he will have to make full use of his predatory instincts and personable manner to push his bank's balance sheet into the black in the years ahead.

An offspring of one of Israel's Big Three banks, Bank Hapoalim will face stiff competition from an estimated six other foreign banks expected to receive their charters by mid-year. Most of them are fighting for the same share of the market—small and medium-sized

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business. The focus is not so much a matter of choice as of necessity. Under the terms of the revised Bank Act (Maclean's, Dec. 8, 1990), the newcomers are limited to an aggregate eight-per-cent share of the Canadian banking system's \$225-billion assets. For banks such as Puget's, that translates into a \$700-million ceiling on domestic assets, which restricts the ability to swing large-scale deals with major corporations.

As a result, difficulty in making profits tends to make retail services—those for individual small-scale customers—constructive. Bank Hypoquin intends to offer them. But the bank's location—the third floor of Toronto's prestigious First Canadian Place—makes it unlikely that many individuals with \$100 in their pockets will make their way to the teller's cage—surrounded by bullet-proof glass—in the vault office.

Puget's reaction explained by financial analysts' claims that the new operations will have difficulty turning a profit in the current economic recession. But there may be an added incentive for the opening of the Canadian operations despite the gloomy conditions. As analyst Aymer Mandelman of Bache Halper Stuart of Toronto pointed out, there are growing rumors in Tel Aviv that Bank Hypoquin's major competitors, Bank Leumi (in Israel) and the Israel Discount Bank, are planning to merge. The combination, said Mandelman, would have such clout in Israel that Bank Hypoquin may soon even harder on expanding abroad.

The major reason for Bank Hypoquin's interest in Canada, however, is that it sees the country as holding great economic potential. Besides, Puget told Mandelman, there is a great deal of room for expansion in Canada-based trade. Whether Puget's operations will translate into profits remains to be seen. It depends on whether the "baster" can swiftly and successfully seek out his quarry. —JAMES FLAHERTY

#### Puget predatory instincts



## Hard times hit the Yukon



Whitehorse Copper Mine: union leaders accept miners' job cuts without protest

Long sheltered by a comfortable economic distance, many Yukoners once looked smugly upon the recession and massive layoffs sweeping the South, confident in their belief that the North was still a land of prosperity. Then, last week, that notion was shattered when it became clear that the recession had spread north, dealing Yukoners an unexpected body blow. The worst news was from the territory's mining operations, the Yukon's largest employer. Last week, Cypress Avell Mining, a lead-zinc mine in Faro, announced that 85 jobs would be permanently cut from its 558-man staff. That week came only two weeks after another of the area's major mines—United Keno's silver operation in Keno—put a third of its employees on indefinite layoff, leaving 36 of the one-company town's 280 workers idle.

Like miners throughout the world, those in the Yukon now find their livelihoods endangered by falling world metal prices. For one thing, it costs \$13 an ounce to produce silver at Faro, but the metal's product only fetches \$9 an ounce in the marketplace. And while coping with them is never easy, layoffs create special problems for workers in the territory. As Dave Power, president of a Faro union local, explained, "If I was in Vancouver, I wouldn't have to leave. I'm sure I'd come up with another job. But there's no such thing as staying in Faro." Not only are there no other jobs in the town of 1,800, but nearly all of the community's business is done by the name in Keno, the casino begun the same day that the layoff was announced. Seventeen workers headed down to Whitehorse or a company bus to catch flights out of the Yukon.

As recently as a month ago, Keno's casual workers were denying the possibility of layoffs. But now they are ac-

cepting the job cuts without protest. A glance at the mine's books showed that, like its counterpart at Avell, Keno's management had little choice but to perform radical surgery on its manpower. Said Robert McCallan, general manager of operations at the mine: "We're just trying to sustain our operation through a very difficult time so that the mine still will be here when metal prices improve."

Although the situation is steadily deteriorating, Chris Pearson, leader of the Yukon's Progressive Conservative government, claims there is nothing he can do to improve it. "The North has been going through these downturns for years," he told Maclean's, "and this one is just as severe as I finally reached us." But opposition party critics charge that the slump has been worsened by the government's lack of foresight. For his part, Maurice Byblow, Faro's town M.P., contends that instead of leaving the territory's economy dependent on two or three mines, incentives should have been created to diversify the economy.

Indeed, the long-term future for mining does not look good. After having exhausted their ore bodies, the operators of the Whitehorse Copper Mine will likely close shop sometime next year, leaving 600 jobs.

At present, the only glimmer of hope on the horizon is a project to expand Whitehorse's electrical generating station. The plan—which will create 500 jobs—comes with final approval by the department of Indian and northern affairs on the same day that Faro heard the news of permanent layoffs. But none of the new jobs created are for miners. As a result, tickets for seats on planes heading south seem certain to remain at a premium.

—LIZ ALDERIN in Toronto, with Linda Cole in Whitehorse

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# Devotion to the ancient game

By Hal Quinn

When the last rock was swept into the house and the brooms were put away last week in Brandon, Man., Al Hackner's rock had become the Silver Broom world champion. This week the Thunder Bay, Ont., faience broods to the German Alps town of Garmisch-Partenkirchen for the Air Canada Silver Broom world championships, while across the mountains in Geneva, Colleen Jones and her Nave Scotts risk go for the women's world championship. The Jones and Hackner risks are the promise of a sport that Canadians have embraced since 1790.

The national devotion to the ancient game (Finnish art depicting curling is dated as early as 1521) outstrips that for any other imported parties, but the order is difficult to measure with precision. Al Hackner says, "I've seen statistics showing that 80 per cent of Canadians and 30 per cent of the people in Thunder Bay curl!" Doug Macveil, the executive director of the Silver Broom, is a little more conservative. "The problem in getting an accurate figure, I think, dates back to the dirt '30s. Clubs pay fees for each member registered with the Canadian Curling Association (CCA). Back then, like now, a rock was a rock, so clubs would only register members who might be involved in provincial playoffs or big events. They're still doing it. There are 140,000 men and 75,000 women registered, but Maxwell, taking into account the number of clubs, shores of ice and equipment sales across the country, surmises that the total curlers with a national approach to fines and registered curlers "is about six to one. So we think there are between one million and 1.5 million Canadian curling regularly."

There is no question, however, that when the elite risks contest the Brier's Brier at the Brier or the Silver Broom, the world's best play for the Silver Broom, Canadians settle in front of their TVs. According to the CBC, curling ranks second only in figure skating in attracting viewers of amateur sports. The 1981 Brier broadcast attracted an impressive 25 per cent audience share (\$54,000).

The game has attracted men and women in past wintry afternoons and evenings ever since the 16th Highlanders regiment melted down cannon balls to fashion stones for games on the Charles River near Quebec City a year after the death of General Wolfe. The



Thunder Bay's champion (above) Hackner delivering (below) 'never so easily'.

use of "iron" stones was only the first of many changes Canadians have made in the Scottish game. Traditionally, curling stones had been just that, stones weighing anywhere from two to 45 kg. They were called channel stones and came from riverbeds where the rushing water had smoothed them. The dearth of such suitable material in the New World led the Scots soldiers and later immigrants to fashion stones of iron and wood, eventually designing the stones used today, made of Scottish granite. And proof of the adage that

wherever Scots go they curl was the founding of the Royal Montreal Curling Club in 1807, the oldest curling club in North America.

The passion for the game by the fathers of Canadian curling was such that, in 1868, when a wharf in Beaufort, Que., since the river ice was too rough for a good match. Covered risks began appearing up in steeled areas as early as 1840, and by 1880 artificial ice was made on top of wooden floors. The move inside drastically altered the

game. In the old country and an outdoor sheets, the stones were delivered from a crunched station in a "cramped" on indoor surfaces, the back (the rubber foot) was universally used today) was developed, giving the modern greater mobility and leading to the introduction of the sliding delivery in the 1880s by Bob Dunbar, the terror of Winnipeg shorts in those days.

The Canadians so reengineered the game, with pebbled ice surfaces, sliding deliveries, tobacco stains, furries and intricate sweeping, that by the turn of the century Scots came to Canada to reclaim their game.

The Princes, specifically Winnipeg, became the heartland of the sport. But all is not necessarily well with the old game in its adopted home. "It is a cyclical thing," says Laurie Artiss, an executive of the CCA and general chairman of Region's last committee for the 1983 Silver Broom. "The 1960s were a boom period, and Brier has had a great year three times afterwards, but participation is dropping off somewhat." Some clubs are closing, many downtown facilities no longer able to handle the burden of other taxes, and some clubs are being simulated by others. "That's mainly in the West," says Artiss. "The curling clubs in the towns were the social centre. That aspect of the game has never been better, but now there is more competition from other recreation—video, sports, cross-country skiing, etc. The days when we could just open the club's doors and watch everyone pass in are over. The game as a whole has to do a better job of promoting itself."

Part of the problem in the West is the tradition of insurance people claim as a risk. If not taken care of on a team, clubs are often out of luck. "Our system works against increasing membership," says Artiss. "In the East, you join a club and are put on a team. We're going to have to move in that direction. The West never thought it could learn anything from the East about curling."

They need look no further than Thunder Bay, where the folks here have already embraced their latest conquering hero: Brier 1979. Thunder Bay risks have won two Briers and placed second in three more. The champions—Hackner, vice-skip, Rick Lang, second Bob Nave and lead Bruce Kennedy—couldn't "walk down the street or go into the grocery store without people coming up and shaking our hands," Hackner and last week while admiring that he and his teammates were still "floating" after their victory. The entire city rallied behind the team with a fund-raising drive (merchants challenged others on the radio to match their contributions) highlighted by a week-long weekend. The campaign, a modern reflection of the game's roots in



Jones victorious: 1.5 million carles

community life, achieved its goal. Rough was relieved to send the players' wives to West Germany with the team.

Unlike many sports, those at the top of the game of curling didn't become rich. The Hackner risk earned well enough in the cashspiel money (early fall to Christmas) to win \$120,000, which was "about the break-even point," says Hackner. The kings of the NHL this season were the Bert Goringham rink from Kelowna, B.C., with earnings of \$45,000. "We really had a hot streak," says Goringham, which started with a \$50,000 victory at the carspiel in Vernon. "It was about time," he laughs. "My last hot streak was in '75. After the take was split four ways and expenses deducted, even that year's prize leaders didn't leave their day jobs. And the vintage didn't come any. The cash (\$50,000 total in Saskatchewan) attracts the top risks. Before for the gambler, they must survive the club, respond and provincial playoffs to gain a berth in the Brier." At Saskatchewan, says Goringham, "50 risks could have won. The hardest part is mental, staying in 30 or 13 games in four days." Perhaps superstition has a place as well. "We used to curl well for most of a year, then seem to get tired," Goringham says. Lang is teams among best brooms rather than the old corn brooms, he decided to switch.

The slay and pop of corn brooms echoing in chilly arenas has been part of the game for generations. But at the Brier, Jack (now the Silver Broom) in 1964, the Brier's broom, the silent push broom. "The difference is it's quieter," says Goringham, "and you don't have the broom man pounding on a corn broom anymore." The switch in brooms didn't help the Goringham rink in the B.C. provincial, and it was Brier Glen who lost to Hackner in the Brier final.

"I was never more excited," says Rick Lang of the win over Glen. But his rage was quickly tempered when he was told that the international governing body of the sport had adopted a rule change directed at the peak brooms and specifically at those who sweep the Lang. Following the rock down the ice, Lang leans over, placing the push broom in front of the rock and "sweeping" it toward the house. The new rule, in the Brier, for next year's world championship, bans his manoeuvre, stipulating that brooms must pass from side to side in front of the rock. Both Kennedy and Nave were among the rock, so only Lang will have to adjust his sweeping. But his Hackner is happy about it. "In Canada, we do it. In other countries, they do it in front of the rock," says the skip. "We're hoping that the rock won't run on a stroke or something."

As Lang hoped for practice time to change his style of sweeping ("It took a while to get used to it, but I have a perspective of it, progress"), his thoughts turned to the championship. "It used to be that the Brier winners considered themselves the best in the world. But Canadian curling schools have been going to Europe for eight or nine years. They've learned a lot. It's doing everything correctly from the beginning and probably know our game better than we do."

The Saskatchewan risk of Rick Fulk won the Brier in 1980, the first Canadian victory since 1973. The Hackner team suffers no delusions. Lang has been there before, with Brier 1979. "We'd won the Brier, but when we didn't win the Brier, we were going to Europe for eight or nine years. They've learned a lot. It's doing everything correctly from the beginning and probably know our game better than we do."

Yet when it is all said and done, it is just the people of Thunder Bay will still cherish their heroes. And out as the Princes next year with the Silver Broom in Regina, the women's world championship in Moose Jaw and the world junior championship in Medicine Hat, the game's heart is still beating strong. <





per somehow comes out as scheduled every two weeks.

The resulting product is a reflection of the *Poseur* personality—brave and slick. It is an attempt to entice certain attention, the first cover was splashed with a full-page photo of a whorled Woolly Allen under an umbrella—the satirical 20th-century American in Paris. But few readers were able to discern that the magazine's meetings in Paris were gathered from a 20-minute long-distance phone interview with Allen in New York by a French freelance reporter. Subsequent question-and-answer interludes have introduced film stars Yves Montand and Charlotte Rampling, Canadian actress Carole Laure, director Claude Lelouch and pop star Elton Costello. Other issues have featured guides to the best Paris street bistro, freeways and croque-monsieurs (grilled cheese sandwiches) as well as the usual reviews and photo spreads of Paris street scenes. "On its own, it's not so bad," concludes one reader, former Washington Post correspondent, in *Poseur* Ronald Kovic. "But it's nothing compared to the old *Paris Miroir*."

If the talkies so far boasts more enthusiasm than journalism and more sophisticated pretense than substance, *Poseur* nevertheless appears to be taking hold in Paris. After four months, its subscription list has mushroomed from



Serner, the Daddy Avatar of magazine journalism, with an issue of *Poseur*

50 to 500. Its pre-sentinel sales average 15,000 a month, and its distribution through Paris greeting shops, airport waiting rooms, North America and European book stores and North American newsstands dispensed another 20,000 free. Though still losing \$2,000 to \$3,000 an issue, Serner pre-

dicts optimistically that *Poseur* will be breaking even by July. Already, says Green, advertising has at least doubled since the magazine began. Nor is *Poseur* an end in itself. "We haven't even begun to merchandise it yet," says Rodman, hosting at a whole range of "product-associated items" from T-shirts to dining-out guides and *Poseur* street tour of Paris.

When interviewers ask Serner why Canadians think they can succeed where Americans (who founded the original *Metro*) failed, he retorts "good management." Working 18-hour days seven days a week, he sells ads, writes copy, dresses up headline zingers, picks photos and then chases distributors into selling it. The *Miroir*, he says, "had 22 people on staff at the end. They had too many people bringing trouble. Anybody who starts bringing around here we get rid of."

If *Poseur*ers constantly mistake Serner's style as American, his Canadian roots occasionally peek through in a chivalry veiled resentment of Toronto—the home town that would not back his costume scheme for a *Poseur*-style paper there. In one recent issue, an article by his older brother, Mark, and at all Toronto: Big City of Provincial Life. *Modish Beauty is Alive and Well and Shopping in Toronto*.

—MARK McDONALD

## PHOTOGRAPHY

# Soul of an old machine

Having spent much of its brief history trying to ape painting and life, photography now imitates the copy machine. It's a bold move and a sign of how confident the art has become. That photographs are made with machines has traditionally been something to keep quiet about, like being born out of wedlock. However, *Interlocking Palaces*, on view at Toronto's Bata Gallery until March 27—with plans for exhibitions in Hamilton and possibly Calgary—loudly proclaims its mechanical roots.

The show is the first Toronto photographic exhibition by a 25-year old Ottawa artist who calls himself Emergent. Among followers of the field he is already a legend for his work in color serigraphy, of which his surreal homestead collages—good-looking men wearing wigs, ropes, or romping with raccoons—might be considered typical. Serigraphy remains a prevalent feature in this new world, but the impact of

## WESTIN PEOPLE GO FIRST-CLASS WORLDWIDE



### CANADA

CALGARY, The Westin  
EDMONTON, The Westin  
MONTREAL, The Westin Bonaventure  
OTTAWA, The Westin (August 1991)  
TORONTO, The Westin  
VANCOUVER, The Westin Bayview  
WINNIPEG, The Westin

### UNITED STATES

#### ATLANTA

The Westin Peachtree Plaza  
BOSTON, The Westin (July 1991)  
CHICAGO, The Westin  
CHICAGO (17th Fl.)  
The Westin (Early 1994)

#### CINCINNATI, The Westin

COSTA MESA (Orange County, CA)  
The Westin South Coast Plaza  
DALLAS, The Westin (Early 1991)  
DETROIT (Renaissance Center)  
The Westin

HAWAII (Big Island) Moana Kai Beach  
HAWAII (Honolulu) Waikiki  
The Westin Ulualea  
HAWAII (Maui) Wailea  
The Westin Wailea

HOUSTON, The Westin Galleria  
The Westin Oaks

#### KANSAS CITY, MO.

The Westin Chateau Center  
LOS ANGELES, Century Plaza &  
The Westin Bonaventure (Close to new)

#### NEW YORK, The Plaza

PHILADELPHIA, Delaware State Hotel  
PRINCETON, The Arizona Balcony  
PORTLAND, OR, The Westin Remon  
SAN FRANCISCO, The Westin Mark  
& The Westin St. Francis

#### SEATTLE, The Westin

TULSA, Wilshire Plaza

#### VALE, The Westin (November 1992)

### DENMARK

COPENHAGEN, Hotel Scandinavia  
EL SALVADOR  
SAN SALVADOR, Camino Real

### GUATEMALA

GUATEMALA CITY, Camino Real  
HONG KONG  
HONGKONG, Shangri-La  
JAPAN

#### KYOTO, Miyako

TOKYO, Tokai Prince &  
Tokai Prince

### KOREA

PUSAN, The Westin Chateau Beach  
SEOUL, The Westin Chateau

### MEXICO

ACAPULCO, Las Brisas  
CANACUN, Camino Real  
GUADALAJARA, Camino Real  
TAXCO, Camino Real

#### GUATEMALA, Camino Real

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the exhibition derives more from onerous technique than from the subject matter.

The photographs of nude and female figures, mostly unclothed, have been made to look like photographs. In a brass-colored construction of mechanical process, the models were arranged on a Plexiglas platform and photographed from below with an 80-70 Polaroid. These prints were then enlarged. Some of the images hang singly, but the more attention-grabbing are those grouped in fairs or twelves, that have been pinned to fern fronds ranging in size from 30 x 8 cm to big-as-life 140 x 260 cm.

At first glance, the results are stunning. They're so huge, and the Polaroid colors, dominantly red and seductively lurid anyway, are truly sensational when enhanced by the red and green back-lighting. Pressed against glass, flesh becomes molten and suggests a sticky decadence. As if trapped in ill-fitting coffin, large naked figures strike recharged poses; they exude a delectably grotesque reminiscent of symbolist art.

As triumphant and innovative as the technique is, however, the initial responses subside, giving way to a feeling that one has been seduced by flashy special effects. Calls like and fawning can may superficially suggest the Pre-Raphaelites, but the images are so ingenuously contrived that they yield no emotions. The sense of awe and desire that was an even more important aspect of Pre-Raphaelite art is lacking here.

Regrettably, Evergreen seems to go out of his way to discourage emotional reactions, preferring to draw laughs. A handsome beauty, with winking, teasing, elegant limbs and proud dignity, is depicted with a large fish smothered beneath her loins. Although it may not be as offensive and crude a pun as some feminists might think, the image is still a kind of joke, even if the artist didn't intend it as such.

In fact, all is fish that comes to Evergreen's net. A surrealist card, he will use anything for a pun, and occasionally a obscure pop-culture humor is achieved. In one picture, a red pepper becomes an amusing logo for a cigarette. More often, the humor seems forced. Another devil, with a goaty grin and balloons under his arm, seems merely harping. Instead of the two pointers round bulls on his head, he holds as well be visiting a landscape.

Ultimately, *Interlocking Landscapes* seems to lack conviction, confidence and profundity of any sort. Unquestionably, it is stimulating, but what first seems exciting and groundbreaking devolves into gaudiness. All age to begin with, you depart remembering the tackiest achievement, some beauty, the fish, and not much else. —DAVID LIVINGSTON

## COLUMN

# Recalling El Salvador's past

By Barbara Amiel

It is 1979, a revolution took place in El Salvador. This piece of history is now being revisited by Canadian reporters covering that country's civil war. Indeed, this selective amnesia in the subject for a column all of its own, but if one genuinely wants to arrive at a merely acceptable position on Central American policy, it is a useful exercise to include such memory lapses in assessing Central American events.

The coup that deposed El Salvador's right-wing military dictator, Carlos Romero, in 1979 was carried out by a group of liberal-minded officers and students bent on reforming social and political institutions in that country. On taking power, their revolution, which was endorsed by San Salvador's Archbishop Oscar Arnaz Romero, appeared to indicate that they had used to fight Romero's regime. At the same time, the revolutionary junta pledged diplomatic ties with Cuba and subsequently nationalized private banks and began land reform.

The response of the guerrillas was prompt. Left-wing violence escalated. Two cabinet ministers were kidnapped. The rally to celebrate the bicentennial of sainted Christian Democratic leader José Napoleón Duarte (now president of El Salvador) was prevented by bloody riots staged by the left-wing Popular Revolutionary Bloc. The situation intensified as guerrillas seized diplomats, embassies, educational institutions and businesses. Their tactics were successful. The junta resigned, and the military took over, naming Duarte's Christian Democratic Party to open them.

Knowledge of these events is critical in understanding El Salvador. First, one must recognize that the right-wing regimes that ruled El Salvador—and other Latin countries—were made up of corrupt, contemptible people who were the authors of their own misfortune. They paved the way for the terrorism of the Popular Revolutionary Bloc. The trouble is that the people who have so often been in reaping the severity of right-wing despotism seem totally blind to the reality that the responsibility and responsibility of the ruling classes has contributed to El Salvador's—namely totalitarian communism. Our so-called

"left-leaning" constitutions roaming across Central and Latin America seem incapable of understanding that totalitarian communism is not inherent in "communism" or "totalitarianism," political solutions or free elections. It would be surprising for committed Marxists to cooperate in a permanent basis with genuine liberals or social democrats who are, in Engels's famous phrase, "the workers in whose flesh and blood."

But the guerrillas proved themselves to be no apostates—either to Marx nor to his contemporary sponsor, the Soviet Union. By now it seems a waste of ink to

Which, morally and practically, leaves the West with only one course to follow and that is to declare war on both the extreme left and the extreme right. America ought to act as a Great Power and play out its role as policeman of the world—at the very least on its own block. In no doing, America might take a lead out of Stalin's tactics—i.e., not have Stalin, of course, declared himself as a defender of the West. Stalin had in 1936 went into the Spanish Civil War to make sure Franco won—(in order to prevent the rise of a left-wing regime independent of Moscow. Stalin's method



applies about the role of Cuba and the Soviet Union in El Salvador or Nicaragua. The money for the guns and weapons of left-wing guerrillas is clearly not coming from the West. The delivery of the guerrillas is reported and totally foreign to the Americas (in this context it is instructive to watch American and Canadian journalists last TV news hour ordinary presents they interviewed heard government soldiers talk about the war in a manner—village is that they were being shot "for the crime of being poor." That report was carried on an American TV network March 7. Whatever government security forces might say at execution time it would not be Marxist propaganda (sing!) The continued terror of the left-wing guerrillas after the ending of dictator boots are simply followed the blueprint for revolution that Marx outlined in his Address to the Communist League.

From the first moment of victory, we must no longer direct our distrust towards the common enemy, but against our former allies."

was simple, under the banner of all his forces threatened the left. Shockingly America ought to declare itself publicly an ally of the guerrillas and send the Marines into El Salvador. Their role would not be to save Duarte or to eliminate all opposition, but rather to eliminate the worst part of all—the Communists. America's aim should be to supervise election of the most equitable, least authoritarian regime that the traditions of a Latin country with massive social problems can sustain.

Though a study of Soviet policy argues forcefully for the conclusion that the Soviets would not go to war over the Americas at this point (though it would go to war over American military interference in Eastern Europe), no Congress would authorize such action. It is an extraordinary state of affairs we have reached when it is unthinkable for America to defend vital interests at its very backbone, when phrases like "policemen of the world" leave no doubt, when after the evidence of the Golan, of Mao's China, of Nicaragua and Cuba, our liberal establishment will still not acknowledge the nature of the institution itself.

After such knowledge, what forgiveness? In the absence of such action, Central America, including El Salvador, will fall, and eventually—as is happening in Nicaragua, and happened in Cuba—the totalitarian elements will prevail. Perhaps when the Russian reaches Mexico, the United States will act in the meantime, we can all wear yellow ribbons, or perhaps red scarves in our laps, for the millions who will have to suffer because, in spite of Scotty's aphorism, we would not remember the past but condemn others to repeat it.





## ADVENTURE

# Saving a walk off the map

By Thomas Hopkins

Discover mountaineer Roger Griffiths, 36, was rappelling through back masses of the *Alpine Club Journal* in 1989 when he was struck by the beauty of one of the photographs: China's highest mountain, 14,800-m Mt. Qomolangma, stood alone, bracketed by long sinuous ridges that seemed to slice into the sky. China had recently opened its border to foreign climbers, and Griffiths decided to apply to climb the peak. This week the Vancouver Canadian team and four-man film crew leave for a mountain that few climbers had hoped to ascend and believed to be the highest in the world.

Their expedition almost didn't happen. In fact, it was called off last September when not enough sponsors could be found. With \$50,000 in losses from the Chinese and \$50,000 in ground rentals of bases, yaks and porters, set to mention the hefty cost of sponsorship gear, the team's budget had soared to more than \$250,000. What saved the climb was an eleventh-hour December decision by John Labatt Ltd. to up its support from one-third to two-thirds of the total. The bailout, combined with a earlier decision by Air Canada to fund some \$200,000 for most full-time Canadian mountaineers on Mt. Everest, may signal the start of a bright new era in Canadian mountaineering activity.

The 1990s have seen an unprecedented surge in Canadian world-class climbing. Griffiths, for example, will lead the second Canadian climbing team into China's hot fall season at the Canadian Everest team climbed Mt. Muztagata in western China (See *News*, Dec. 7, 1991). Until now, most

Canadian climbing has been self-supported, while the rest of the world's climbing powers enjoy both state and business backing. But if the relationship between wealthy "rock-punks" and corporate sponsors is a happy one, then Canadian mountaineers—already masters of peaks in the Rockies, Alaska and the Yukon—could mount challenges to the best British, Polish and American climbers in the high peaks of Asia.

Certainly Qomolangma will be a challenge. Not to the same class as the 8,000-m mountains of Nepal and Pakistan, it has nevertheless been a brutal mountain. Since an American team scaled it in 1952, the mountain in south China has repelled all three subsequent attempts, killing 13 climbers in the process. In Chinese claims to have put climbers on the summit in 1957 is disputed. Some estimates will further endanger the Ca-

Griffiths (left) clasp under Sherpa Jishu, rock-punks must corporate sponsor



Mt. Qomolangma (right showing lower routes) is a brutal mistress rugged in legend

nadian bid. Because the climb was only revised in January, Griffiths has been forced to halve the time budgeted for the ascent from 40 days to 20 days. Everything, including weather, must go well if the largely B.C.-based team is to "top-out" in late April.

At times the quest for sponsorship appeared no less perilous. Tom Korman, president of Toronto-based stock brokers Milken Young Warr Ltd. and hiking mate of several Qomolangma climbers, was roped into fund-raising in 1989. He recalls ruefully: "I didn't think there would be any problem—that's how naive I was." After a year and 11 polite refusals from major corporations, Korman had raised only two-thirds of the budget, split equally between Labatt's and The Toronto Star. Fortunately, he called Griffiths in September, advised him to call off the climb and promptly left for a three-week trek to the base of stupendous Annapurna mountain in Nepal. As luck would have it, along on the trip was Peter Worthington, president of Labatt's and, more important, Edson Goodman, the Toronto lawyer and power broker who had helped arrange the initial two-thirds of the sponsorship. Together Goodman and Korman set about to persuade Worthington to up Labatt's ante. Perhaps it was the view of Annapurna in the distance, but 10 days after the group's return, Labatt's agreed to pick up the final one-third. Shortly after, *Star* Publisher Douglas Creighton presided again or Air to raise up with \$40,000 of new freight and airline, and Qomolangma wins.

For its part, Labatt's doesn't know what to expect. The potential value of tennis tournaments and car races, where product logos are flaunted before thousands of spectators, is well established. But climbs are a risky departure. "We think Qomolangma's a first Canadian effort," says Labatt's national promotion director, John Hudson. "We hope to get a good file out of it. Anything other than that will be a bonus." Media exposure will not hurt, and The Toronto Star has co-sponsored by leading fifth editor Peter Worthington, who will supply dispatches to the *Star* chain from base camp.

Not surprisingly, many independent-minded climbers view the publicity-seeking managers of new corporate partners with suspicion. Most, however, have resigned themselves to the fact that if they are to take on the high mountains, financial help is essential. Says Toronto Qomolangma-climber Eric Stevens: "Qomolangma makes me feel a little like George Mallory when he wrote [daring his 1921 Everest attempt] 'We are about to walk off the map.'" ☐



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# A tempting knock at the campus gates

By Linda McQuigg

King Saud University in Riyadh may not be in the same lofty academic leagues as Oxford or Harvard, but its budding efforts are not without attractions to the financially strapped. As a result, when university administrators from the state-run Saudi Arabian University accepted an invitation to visit their poorer cousins at the University of Toronto last year, the doors of U of T's dilapidated buildings swung open in welcome. Then, within months, a deal was struck that will see Canadian engineering know-how exchanged for Saudi cash. While some U of T faculty members have qualms about the arrangement, they also feel that this may be the only hope of obtaining more funds for their beleaguered department.

That kind of compromise is not entirely new to cash-poor universities, which have grown used to accepting research funding from corporations. (Private companies contribute roughly \$1.5 million of U of T's \$10-million budget

for current engineering research.) But what is particularly troublesome about the Saudi Arabian deal is that country's reputation for discriminating against Jews and women. Under the agreement, dozens of graduate students and faculty from King Saud University will come to study at U of T, and Canadian professors will teach in Saudi Arabia. Some fear, however, that the program will exclude Canadian women and Jews.

The deal may be the first step in a scheme that could bring Canada much cash and controversy over the next decade. As provincial governments pare university budgets ever closer to the bone, administrators in Canada are left envisioning using the benefits that the oil bonanza has bestowed upon Middle East academies. Several other Canadian universities—Cambridge and McGill in Montreal and the University of Guelph in Ontario—have also indicated a willingness to be courted by the Saudis. Although the U of T deal is relatively small-scale, its financial benefits are expected to transcend the unusually high tuition fees that the Saudis will

have to pay here (about \$10,000 a year, compared to the normal foreign graduate-student rate of \$4,000) and the Canadian student rate of \$1,100. U of T Dean of Engineering Gordon Sison expects that the Saudis will also eventually fund research projects in Canada—the same involved remains unspecified—and open their domestic facilities back home to Canadian researchers. Pinned to make do with outdated equipment, Canadian academics are particularly aroused by the Saudi government's plan to sink \$1.7 billion into improving King Saud. Says Sison dryly: "One recognizes they have considerable resources."

Admission [and] by course facilities may find problems ahead. Jews have already expressed concern that they will be barred from teaching tours and research appointments in Saudi Arabia. Husam Shabbih, director of the Saudi education ministry in Ottawa, denies that his country refuses entry to Jews, adding that he personally knows of four or five Jews teaching at Saudi universities. But Shabbih admits that



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**Canada**

Saudi Arabia does bar Zionists and screens all potential visa applicants for possible membership in Zionist groups—a position the Canadian Jewish Congress finds clearly unacceptable. "What would be the process of determining Zionist beliefs? Would Jewish faculty be subjected to a lie detector test?" asks congress spokesman Eyal Amir, who argues that Zionism, as part of the Jewish heritage, is part of the debate revolves around the sticky issue of how to define Zionism—or the quest for a Jewish homeland in the Middle East. The documents that include an endorsement on their part—charge the Jews deny. Amir contends that discriminating against Zionists is just a disguised way of discriminating against Jews.

The Canadian universities involved have all indicated they will have no part of an argument that would discriminate against Jews but have sidestepped the issue of whether or not they would tolerate discrimination against Zionists. "We'd have to wait until it came up in an individual case," says Michael Sheldon, assistant to the rector of Concordia University. Sheldon admits that U of T never raised the question of discrimination in its negotiations with the Saudis. But he adds that if the Jews prove to be justified, "it'd be very upset by that."

Perhaps equally controversial are Saudi Arabian attitudes toward women. Clattered from birth, the Saudi woman is specifically excluded from certain professions. Should assume that this is not discrimination, but protection. "We don't want her exposed to the agencies of failing a job," he contends. And he says that if U of Toronto Canadian women professors to teach in Saudi Arabia, they will be allowed to work in the country—provided they teach subjects that Saudi women are permitted to study. But since Saudi women are barred from entering certain fields of study, including engineering, it seems unlikely that Canadian women would be allowed to participate in the current U of T program. There are only four women engineering professors at U of T. But Linda Franklin, who is one of them, says she is offended by the principle nevertheless. She is also angered by the Saudi system of segregating the sexes throughout the educational system. "I wouldn't go to a country where women are taught separately in an apartheid-like situation," she says. Still, Franklin considers the situation of the deal. "Some excuse prostitution when it's a way of feeding the kids and keeping the family together."

The controversy over Arab deals with Canadian universities could best up in

the next few years as the dollars involved increase and the programs expand in scope. Apart from the issue of discrimination, there is the more nebulous question of just how Arab financing might affect academic content. In the United States, Arab academic gifts became controversial in the late '80s because of suspicion that donor nations were trying to encourage pro-Arab propaganda in universities. In 1980, the University of Southern California cancelled plans to construct a \$62 million Mid-East studies center because of fears that donors would try to control faculty appointments and curriculum. This issue may have little application to fields such as engineering. But Arab universities have also shown an interest in Concordia's communications department and McGill's consumer studies program. "There's always a danger that because someone has money—whether a tobacco interest or an oil kingdom—paid up and undertaking programs that interest them, whether or not it is of academic interest to you or your students," says Lindsay Chrysler, senior chairman of Concordia's communications department. At the moment, however, Canadian universities are in no mood to stave the door when rich foreigners come calling.

With Joel in Canada on Zionism

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## ARCHAEOLOGY

# Slices of history under the sidewalk

By Shona McKay

With excavations in tow, they follow a mammoth buckskin as it curves out a straight trench at the 3,000-year-old Teotihuacan Indian site near Prince Rupert, B.C. Under the gaze of an impatient developer in a cordoned-off area in Dawson, they labor to salvage a 19th-century preceptor's shack. And in Kingston, Ont., they are allowed 14 weeks to find what they can at a waterfront site before a revving bulldozer churns up the ground. To the enchantment of pedestrian sidewalks, like scenes are being enacted in towns across the country as archaeologists turn toward the treasures buried beneath Canadian city sidewalks.

Urban archaeology has been a respected practice in Europe for more than 100 years—undoubtedly so when a Roman temple can be unearthed beneath a London market built in the 18th century. But, only recently, as North American cities reach an honorable age, has interest begun to flourish on this continent, where pieces of glass, stone, wood and metal can reveal a

city's history. In late across the country, researchers are still analyzing last year's finds and preparing for the numerous dig already scheduled for this summer. Inspired by the success of previous excavations, British Columbia, for instance, is preparing to examine the land near St. Nazario Cemetery in Vancouver before it is demolished to make way for a bridge. The century is believed to have been built atop a Kwakwaka'wakw village. In Toronto, eyes are turned toward the lake area south of King Street. Blamed for development, the location is sure to contain remnants from the earliest British settlements. As Phil Wright, a regional archaeologist with the Ontario ministry of culture and recreation, notes, "Roman ruins aren't all well and good, but the feeling is now that we live in Canada and we have to work with our past."

With budgets tight and excavation costs tumbling into the hundreds of thousands of dollars, governments are increasingly looking to the private sector to help defray expenses. In Alberta alone, private developers pay archaeological consulting firms more than a

million dollars yearly to inspect sites before construction is allowed to commence. Given the rapid pace of construction, however, archaeologists must work in haste. Often enough, the fragments they seek must be rescued from the bulldozer's path.

Nowhere has the fervor to uncover the past been keener than in Quebec City. Among outstanding cobble streets, stately buildings and grand vistas, archaeologists search for traces of structures no longer standing, but alluded to by yellowing documents and parchment maps. In 1973, taking advantage of its intention to reinforce the structure of the 185-m boardwalk, Parks Canada embarked on a five-year project to investigate the underlying area. Rosalie Perre Beaudet, a Quebec City Parks Canada archaeologist, "We knew there would be things of interest there if we started digging." He was right. Last summer, under the shadow of the Chateau Frontenac, bulldozers unearthed the foundations of two houses built in the 1700s. From contemporary records, researchers ascertained that the larger of the two dwellings had

last been the home of a Maj. George Augustus Kilbuck in the 1820s. Shards of stoneware, glass and pottery formed a picture of a well-to-do, early 18th-century Quebec family. From the latrine (in these days a repository for everything from tied toys to trash), researchers even learned what the major had for dinner—an abundance of lamb and wine. As work progresses on the smaller building, during the period of French occupation, hopes rise for a broader story. Says Beaudet, "Within a year or two, if we can put all the threads together, we will be able to make comparisons between the French and English culture of that time."

For Canada's archaeologists, it is a short journey from the Plains of Abraham to Portage and Main. Last summer, six blocks away from Winnipeg's centre, a team from the University of Manitoba examined the foundations of the west wall of Upper Fort Garry, a 145-year-old Hudson's Bay Co. trading post. Passing through the remains of early 20th-century streetcar tracks, the archaeologists found not only the stone wall of Fort Garry but the remains of an earlier wooden structure. Its remains await further exploration. Until work can resume in warmer weather, the dig is being protected by layers of cotton batting, plastic, fiberglass, plywood, more plaster and earth. "Of course, it's a treasure," asserts Greg Mackin, a University of Manitoba professor of archaeology. "Upper Fort Garry was at one time the major social and economic centre of Western Canada."

Half a continent away, in Dawson, Parks Canada archaeologist Brian Kern sits waiting for the Yukon's June thaw. "Archaeologically speaking, this is where it is happening," enthuses Kern. From excavations on the town's periphery, he and his colleagues have already been able to determine the remains of many of the people who came searching for gold in the 1890s. The log cabins, which have been left to fall in upon themselves over the years, enclose glass from Germany, coins from Sweden and cloth from England. Within the town, archaeologists have been working with historians and architects to preserve and refurbish structures such as Wainwright's Dry Goods, the Northwest Mounted Police jail and the Presbyterian church. Over the next 25 years, Parks Canada hopes to reconstruct the town to its appearance at the time of the gold rush. "The population has gone from 20,000 in 1896 to a present 1,000 souls," says Kern. "In discovering the past, we want to ensure the town is a viable future as a tourist attraction."

In a privacy in Quebec City or a jawbreaker in Dawson, urban archaeologists face similar obstacles. Says Beaudet, "We find we have to work through a cross-section of modern drainage systems,

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Researchers at Metlakatla: a race against the mechanical snow

electricity wires and the foundations of modern buildings." People, too, can create problems. Every archaeologist working in a city tells a favorite story of sidewalk supervisors who bring their punch in so as to take a brief respite. Phil Wright recalls how public interest resulted in Kingston, Ont., in the fall of 1980, when archaeologists embarked on a 16-week dig to excavate a site slated for development as a provincial government super-block. An Inca emerged of an early 18th-century British Regent's road, Victorian row housing and a Grand Trunk Railway depot, says Wright. "We had to be not only archaeologists, but in men." In between logging solitary buttons and 100-year-old whisky bottles, the fieldworkers set up a display of artifacts in an on-site trailer and led scores of schoolchildren and university students on guided tours of the excavation.

Ironically, then, too, becomes an enemy of the urban archaeologist. The extent of an excavation is dictated less by the potential richness of the find than by the rigors of construction schedules. Moreover, the very nature of the environment is at odds with archaeological aims. Says Paul Donahue, director of the Archaeological Survey of Alberta: "There are only a many optimum spots to use because we are in a condensed and occupied area." Often a site cannot be explored—only marked for future consideration. Last year, for instance, road crews in downtown Edmonton were persuaded to build over instead of through an old Hudson's Bay Co. burial ground.

Yet in spite of the physical obstacles, archaeology continues to carve out a place for itself in Canada's cities. "The rush of archaeological material is overwhelming," explains Donahue, "just because a town site has more than

100 years of a place of constant occupation." It was just such reasoning that led a survey team to the village of Metlakatla on the periphery of Prince Rupert. Knowing that a new sewage system would destroy land that held remnants of the 3,000-year-old Tsimshian Indian community, archaeologists are currently photographing the open trenches. As such segments to dig, the two fieldworkers have only three hours to capture a cross-section of centuries in film. The work will continue this summer. After the earth is piled aside, other researchers in the Prince Rupert lab will quickly sift the soil with sifter machines and grapefruit knives before the mechanical snow thrusts it back into the last piping. Borrowing technology developed for aerial satellite photography, researchers hope to compile a composite picture of the entire excavation. Says George MacDonald, senior archaeologist at the National Museum of Man, who heads the group: "What we are attempting here is a graphic mosaic of a treasure trove of history."

But as the machinery plows through an estimated 1,000 human skeletons and hundreds of generations in Metlakatla, most of the ground will become useless to archaeologists. Ninety-eight per cent of the information a normal excavation would yield will disappear. Moore MacDonald: "So much will be lost, it is something of a disaster." Although Alberta has since 1973 required an archaeological assessment of proposed building sites, other provinces still make no such demands, nor does the federal government. Yet the pattern is changing in B.C., Ontario, and Manitoba. Move toward following Alberta's lead. Perhaps the day is not far off when George MacDonald's own sleep-worried shout "all the Vancouver gardens blooming on the remains of past populations" ☐

## LIVING

# Canadians are better liviers

Next is squabbling among themselves, Canadians' favorite pastime seems to be measuring themselves against their southern neighbors. While Canadians nurture inferiority complexes and stew over their self-doubts, Alex Michalos, a philosophy professor at Ontario's University of Guelph and a transplanted American, has produced a study revealing life is better and happier north of the 49th parallel. In five mammoth volumes, the last to be published this spring, Michalos' *North American Social Report* synthesizes hundreds of studies and statistics called between 1964 and 1971. After years of exhaustive investigation, comparing everything from health (there are almost twice as many cases of several diseases per capita in the U.S.) to religion (fewer Canadians believe in the devil), Michalos believes Canada emerges the clear victor in the quality of life competition. Final score: 884 to 776.

The professor's thesis is not just conjecture—he bases it on an intricate scoring system that assigns points for positive social indicators. For instance, Michalos awards points to Canadians for being more politically active during elections.

In his survey, Michalos confirms Canadians' long-cherished sense of superiority regarding lower violent crime rates and energy self-sufficiency. But

**Expatriate scholars: 'I'm more comfortable here, I feel this is my country'**



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he also grows through largely virgin ground. Canadian men and women outlast their American counterparts, living to 69.2 and 76.4 years of age respectively, compared to 68.3 and 75.6 Canada's infant mortality rate is better too: 25.6 out of 1,000 live births vs. 28.6 in 1993. Canadians also receive more health-care benefits and pay less for them than Americans do. Another smoke against the U.S. is the fact that, in 1971, 29 per cent more mentally retarded Americans were institutionalized.

What Michael calls "the American myth of equality" also reflects at the heart of his revealing essay. Canadiana women seem to be better off than their American sisters, earning more professional degrees and enjoying incomes closer to those of their male peers. Americans also fare poorly on racist attitudes. In 1982, 86 per cent of Canadians polled said they would definitely not move if a black family moved in next door. Yet only 50 per cent of the Americans said they would stay put.

According to Michael, the best endorsement of the superior Canadian lifestyle is the perceived happiness factor. In 1988, two Canadian and American polls tried to ascertain whether life was "improving or deteriorating." Nearly half the American sample felt things were worsening, while 39 per cent of Canadians were mildly pessimistic. Last the following year, 54 per cent of Canadians surveyed, in contrast to 47 per cent of Americans, described their lives as exciting as opposed to dull.

Canadians and American quirkiness and idiosyncrasy also figure in the essay. Canadiana travel abroad, are larger drinkers and attend a greater number of professional football games. But surprisingly, given the relative lack of wilderness areas in the U.S., more Americans hunt and fish. Michael counts this last for game against the Yanks in his marketing subtext—a judgment that reveals the generally subjective nature of his interpretation. "People are always going to argue about what's good and what's bad. Still, I think it's better to examine these issues rather than ignore them," the professor reasons.

Despite the extensive nature of the work, Michael does not speculate on Canadian history, politics or weather as reasons for the superior quality of Canadian life. He compares "I wish I knew what the difference was." But his findings do confirm his own feelings about emigrating to Canada. 16 years ago and his coming to terms with the elusive Canadian identity. "It was a mysterious presence yet quite tangible. To me it was comfortable here. I feel that is my country." —MARK MCNULTY

## FILMS

# Drag time in a cocktail of commotion

VICTOR/VICTORIA

Directed by Blake Edwards

As Teddy, the homosexual saloon singer in Blake Edwards' (re-)usually enjoyable *Victor/Victoria*, Robert Preston gives a graceful, self-show performance, holding the screen hostage with his doll, girl or devil. Last year in Edwards' benignly satiric *S.O.B.*, Preston played a happy-go-lucky gay doctor. Today seems to be

Victoria's to Teddy, posing as women to keep the run going and the money rolling in. "How long have you been a homosexual?" she asks him when they meet. "How long have you been a soprano?" he replies. These two have a special understanding, the portrayal of a homosexual and a woman having a self-forged relationship that's pleasantly warm and goofy in a film rarely

The farce proceeds apace when a Chicago pianist (James Garner) with a



Preston and Andrews: warmth and goofiness in a sparkling comedy of role confusion

that character's progenitor, usually male and happy to be out in left field. When he is fired from his club, Teddy finds himself wandering the streets of Paris at the same time as Victoria (Julie Andrews), a down-and-out singer. Having floundered themselves wily at a restaurant, they get a cohabor in the salad to avoid paying the bill, start another free-for-all and flee.

Victor/Victoria is a cocktail of commotion. It is also a sprightly comedy of role confusion and, in some respects, the best of its kind since the unluckily

giddy *Some Like It Hot*. When Victoria's clothes shrink hilariously after a detergent, she does Teddy's lover's double-breasted suit. Teddy, smitten with his show-biz savvy, turns Victoria into Victor—"a woman impersonating a man impersonating a woman." As the gender drag goes, Victor/Victoria wears "on when she sings. Joe Jacob McNeil, becoming an onstage sensation. But what gives the movie its depth is the funny pages marriage of

In the treacher role of Victor/Victoria, Julie Andrews looks terrific and she's in great voice for the leading man member. But her personality and that of the movie go flabby when Victor goes straight for the gauntlet, and suddenly it's the Julie Andrews we all know and love to hate. Wisely, the last laugh is left to Teddy, who takes on the Victoria in a Spanish song her, wearing ludicrous drag. There is probably nothing quite as funny as a man such as Preston in unsuccessful drag, dressed up in the self-deprecating mien of longtime fadster Preston does a star turn, it's what Teddy earned all along. The audience at the club risks, heaving, to applaud, and we want to, too. —JULIE KENNEDY/OTTAWA

## Twisting the fright away

DEATHTRAP

Directed by Sidney Lumet

Dean Cainson is such a delight in *Deathtrap*, the movie version of Broadway's longest-running thriller, that it's easy to feel misled when he's known off a film. If the way through, As Nina, the wife of playwright Sidney Bredt (Michael Caine), whose own thrillers have lately been laying eggs at The Great White Way, she takes a small-doll's role and reveals a wit, a brain, a nerve. Nervous and with a bad heart, Myers can scream at her own shadow, a creak in a doorway registers as instant insanity in her silent, puffy-dog eyes.

Dean Cainson does something exquisite with fear, turning it into something close to Richardson's comedy. Her distance when confronted with terror is as arch as it's extravagantly funny, her signals are still: clenched fists and tiffs. When Cainson on Myers's nervous condition to give her a coronary and collect the estate and insurance money. By the time she rolls, Caine has misled Myers with such warmhearted wit that we really must hear. The rest of *Deathtrap* is downhill, either it's an enjoyable slide (the murder of the young playwright [who is actually Sidney's

lower. Clifford, played by Christopher Reeve) has been stung to trigger Wayne's desire. But soon, these two get greedy and try to knock each other off. The playwright, Mrs. Leno, has given *Deathtrap* more twists than a bag of pretzels and it would be a crime to give more of the plot away. It's a clever contrivance—a game where the audience follows as though it were involved in a good game of Clue.

*Deathtrap* the play transfers fairly smoothly to the screen: a tricky, entertaining thriller. Its ruse de scène as a movie is found not only in the narrative



Reeve (left) and Hackman as clued-up characters in a game of Clue

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books and enemies but in the opportunity it provides the actors to have a ball for themselves. As the washed-up playwright who devises murders for real better than he can write them, Clue is in fine form. It's the kind of rule—arrogant, sneaky, aerobic, proud—that's a breeze and a temptation for an established British actor: plenty of emasculation and a lot of high blood pressure.

The actors chew up the scenery in little now as it were came the question. A Dutch psychic named Helga Ten Dorp, who scurries around the British house (a lovely, converted windmill on Long Island), is played by Irene Worth in the 1950s, all she needs is a show and low lighting. Playing the lovelorn scientist Clifford, Christopher Reeve seems a little vague and his line readings are soiled, even for the soapbox he's supposed to be playing. The theatrical display shows up him next to the other two, who seldom give their tongues a rest. Playing the 19th-century delivery, *Deathtrap* has two things to make the heart sink: the early disappearance of Dean Cain— and Superman kissing Ali—

—L. OT

## A still life with conversation

MY DINNER WITH ANDRÉ  
Directed by Louis Malle

A movie featuring two men talking during dinner is an odd concept, to say the least. But that's what *My Dinner with André* is: sitting, chatting and talking—a lot of talking. Odder still is the fact that it has already become an anti-kiss hit in the United States, in a primarily visual medium. *My Dinner with André* seems more an anti-movie and the kind to keep audiences away on drives.

But supplying it an indubitable fascination are the two actors, playwright Wallace Shawn (*Murder and Drums*, *The Hotel New Hampshire*) and director André Gégou-



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Shaw (left) and Gregory in *Matt-and-Jeff* routines on the meaning of life

ry, whose version of *After In Wonderland* ran in New York for five years. Though visually dowdy, *My Dinner with André* does have a narrative: the two men haven't seen each other in a few years, and each has a story to tell. The squat, reticent Wally and the pensive, loquacious André are a Matt-and-Jeff routine and don't know it. For well over half the film, André tells of



his attempts to find the meaning of art, if not life, wandering and chatting with a theatre group in a Polish forest, becoming obsessed with *The Little Prince*, travelling to the Sahara with a Buddhist, trekking to India, Tibet and Prozac in Scotland. Like a 1960s fever child, André becomes a searcher, a disciple of whatever is going on, during these scenarios, Wally listens and fulfills. The movie finally gathers some tension when Wally blurts out what he feels life is all about—forgetting a career,

missing a bath, being entangled in everyday things—which runs contrary to André's newfound loss of status and relaxation. One does things, the other doesn't, so this juxtaposition of audience may feel involved, stimulated and take sides.

Tentatively, *My Dinner with André* is quite a feat. Director Louis Malle (*André Cézaire*) manages to provide the illusion that this is a real dinner with all the natural pauses and flow of speech. Much of the credit goes to Shaw and Gregory for their script about themselves. The title of *My Dinner with André* tells it all. This may be the perfect movie for anyone unable to find a dinner date.

—L. OT

## Beyond good, evil and penny loafers

PORKYS

Directed by Bob Clark

Somewhere in the Florida everglades, there is a respectable country line that divides the good from the bad, the beautiful from the ugly, and the trim from the fat. On one side, in a land of soda shops and cheerleaders during the Eisenhower years,

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lives a wholesome gag of happy-go-lucky teenagers—cute as can be and bawling their cheeks in their eagerness for sexual knowledge. On the other, in a soapy swamp, lives a band of raucous, massively overweight rednecks who gamble beer at a strip joint called Porky's, when things get a little slow in the nail-biting department, they best up as the wholesome teenagers who were dumb enough to cross the county line for a piece of the action. Around this complex dialectic of good versus evil revolves the plot of Porky's, a film so juvenile, so witless, so offensive and so offensive, it deserves to have its collective penny lenders and lobbyists rescued in concrete and be thrown back into the swamp from which it came.

The unforgivable fact of its existence aside, Porky's most basic problem is that its writer and director, Bob Clark (Porky, Murder by Decree, seems to believe that high school locker-room humor is a source rich enough in natural charm and hilarity to require none of the toothsome trappings of other slapstick or smut. Throwing the art of direction to the winds, he simply names a camera over his script's very raw material and assumes that any given combination of virgins and perverts will be sidestepping fun-fests. It isn't. No attempt is made throughout the film to stage a scene, time a joke, develop a character or resist a stereotype. But this is hardly surprising. If Susan Clark's embarrassing and entirely gratuitous appearance as a hooker named Cherry Pover is anything to go by, not much effort was made throughout the writing of the script to tell a story.

Director Clark's single comic innovations—one that will probably be copied far years to come by dozens of unfunny movies in the name, first Annual Aolene war—in the employment of two writers, Boyd Gates and Doug McDougall, who, in their respective roles as Coach Brackett and Coach Warren, spend most of their time laughing As pretty Miss Hanesworth's (Kim Cattrall) whoops of multipurpose cynicism descend on a basketball practice from an audience in the concrete roost, Coach Warren turns purple with uncontrollable giggles. As belly Miss Bolderick (Nancy Parsons) tries to convince the high school principal that every male student's penis should be inspected in order to discover an "abnormality" with a telltale mole, the two teachers fall out of their seats in hysterics. They cackled merrily as a kind of visible censored laughter, but one almost senses the fun they seem to be having. In a film as commercially calculated, as crude and as whitewashed as Porky, it would be nice to be in a joke—any joke.

—DAVID MACFARLANE

## BOOKS

# Wishful ways of escape

THE WANDERING

UNICORN

by Miguel Majes

Translated by Mary

Pittier

(Faber & Faber Design)

\$19.95

One way to judge The Wandering Unicorn is as a 200-page-long evasion. Here is an Argentine writer, Miguel Majes Laines, still living in Argentina under the military regime that threatened that participants in 19th-century crime, the disappearance. But in this novel he is not accounting for the missing, or raking his neck in a and where storylines are the only ones with half a chance of getting aerial reality across. Instead, Majes Laines is playing, seeking himself into the Middle Ages, among furries and dragons, death and angels, holy hermits and knights in the death throes of courtly love. We could judge him harshly, but we won't. In Majes Laines' case, we'd think it is as if he were an evasive as a recognition of all these fictional things that can make us happy.

His allegory is not about tyranny but violent love: unrequited or forbidden, unrequited or very much of the body like a narrative, the most beautiful of lovers, in the momentary fairy tale, part dragon, part woman, passionate and beguiled. Majes Laines has a sense of duty and most of her fairy powers when she is written with love for a 15-year-old boy. This boy, Adel, is the wandering unicorn of the tale, spookily beautiful with his one blue eye and one gold. Like all such young knights, he is on a quest for God, honor and a girl. It leads him through Europe and finally to Jerusalem at the service of Baldwin the Lesser King, a glorious image of purity and patriotism.

Adel may search for redemption, but he is an unwitting love trap, an innocent candidate of passion. He and the multitude who desire him are continually at cross-purposes, tangled in both the gas-



Laines: the confusions of love in the Middle Ages

meter webs of goddesses and the order seen again by the world. Majes Laines is a novelist with the imagination of a man of love. His knight, Adel, is dazzled by them to the Christ-like or devilish union of night banded down in "a murderous web."

Majes happily watches and records every chapter of lovers and love tragedy. Adel and his sister, Adel and the lady Sermonde, Adel and the lord Agnel, Adel and the where Phoenix. When everything is about to get too different, too medieval, too fairy tale, Majes settles it down in the useful new-fall-off-the-hungry trees of an angling fish tale.

"It is his unadorned predicament: 'The doesn't even know I exist!' that begins to have the most meaning. She longs to make love to him but can only pass him invisibly in the back, avoiding her dragon tail in the doorway in the water that. And finds himself enough aroused to love his ingenuity to another. When she asks her wicked fairy mother for a young, beautiful body, her mother gives her the one she asks for—Majes becomes young and beautiful indeed, but

male. Majes/Majes's frustration was long and never reached.

When a holy court enters Adel here—ward for his eternal romance with his sister, Sermonde, the fairy, cannot fly that high—she is the loveliest but because she is the only one who cannot die. As Jorge Luis Borges wrote in the foreword, Majes Laines is in no danger of drowning in the "music" of his "music." He is saved by the unhappy ending of his own fairy tale.

—JANE COLLINS

## Capacious shows for the filling

The motto on the letterhead says it all: "McClintock & Stewart—The Canadian Publishers," and for 80 years the company has been the bedrock of Jack McClintock, who inherited the presidency from his father in 1953. McClintock's publishing philosophy: "Do a good job with authors and all the rest will follow"—hence the country's best-known writers, including Margaret Atwood, Pierre Berton, Peter Newman and Margaret Atwood, into the mix. But the philosophy has run aground on two shoals: a limited Canadian market and McClintock's self-confessed boredom with the day-to-day details of running a publishing company. Despite sales in 1991 of more than \$10 million, cash flow at such has been a persistent problem, duly noted by the grant-givers in the under-served cultural industries' offices of the Ontario and federal governments.

Last week, after a decade of rumored takeovers, McClintock, 59, elevated himself to board chairman and headed over the positions of president and publisher to his former vice-president of publishing, Linda McKnight, confining himself in future to "the most pleasant aspects of publishing." These include continuing to play publisher in a select corner of M&S affairs, including fiction, who views the change as a re-visit-

McKnight must justify the bottom line



"Jack's still my publisher. It just means he won't be distributing the morning mail anymore." He will also pursue several special projects, among them a \$500,000 book launched by Harold Town and a nuptial venture with an Italian firm.

His successor's mandate is clear. Highly respected for her managerial skills, McKnight, 50, sees her job as "having to stand up and justify the bottom line to the board of directors." The company's policy of concourance to new authors and serious literature will remain, but more commercially viable books will be published as well to ensure the company's survival in the eyes of hard-core bankers and bureaucrats. Also planned is a major update of internal operations with the expanded use of word processors and computerization.

McKnight's partial withdrawal has saddened the industry. "No one has ever come close to him in range, productivity, quality and, above all, generosity," says Max Cutler of Montreal's Tundra Books. Recently, McKnight provided Gibson's advance in the hope that Gibson's long-awaited novel would win him the underground reputation. The bookabout promotional stunts—drawing up at Santa Claus and giving away books—and his legendary ferocity with literary tycoons will no longer be the informal trademarks of his. Some presidents appear to fill books, Linda McKnight has been drafted over-league books. —MARC CHAMBERLIN

## FOR THE RECORD

# Vibrant new chapters in funk and jazz



**FREE LANCING**  
James Blood Ulmer  
(CBS)

After more years, guitarist James Blood Ulmer's star is finally rising over the foothills of what has come to be known as "post-punk art-dunk." The history here is complicated, but the outcome is sharp and clear. *Free Lancing* is filled with great solos and chunky drive rhythms. The style Ulmer has taken was shaped by saxophonist Grantu Coleman, but his manner is that of Jim Hendrix, and *Free Lancing* emerges from the total first heard by *Are You Experienced?* Although Ulmer sings three songs in a hoarse, shouter's voice similar to Hendrix's, the main business of the album takes place on the far treble ends and the three tracks featuring Oliver Lake, David Murray and Olu Dara on horns. Ulmer's guitar is far less flamboyant than the Hendrix connection suggests, more angular and hard-edged, it is linked to an obsessive repetition/impromptu style typical of funk. Throughout *Free Lancing* limits are relaxed, bridges are burned and a new chapter in the interplay of black pop and jazz is forcefully indicated.

## MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

### Fiction

- 1 *Yacht Blues*, Clifford (2)
- 2 *Indivisible Obsession*, MacIntyre (1)
- 3 *The Spanish Music*, Ludlum
- 4 *How I Found My Innermost Beliefs*, MacIntyre (2)
- 5 *Rocky Horn*, Howard (1)
- 6 *Forever Last Words*, Fiedler (2)
- 7 *The Rebel New Testament*, Irving (1)
- 8 *Cops*, King (1)
- 9 *The Mosquito Coast*, Flannery
- 10 *The Rebel Angels*, Dennis (2)

### Nonfiction

- 1 *The Aquilifers*, Newman (2)
- 2 *Consequences*, Friedman (1)
- 3 *The Lord God Made Them All*, Howard (1)
- 4 *The New Canadian Bird Guide*, Insectarian Guide, Ziemer (1)
- 5 *The Game of Our Lives*, Gosselin (2)
- 6 *The Holy Blood and the Holy Grail*, Regardal, Leigh and Lincoln (1)
- 7 *Pinus: A Book on the Border*, Brown (1)
- 8 *Joe Foweraker's Workshop Book*, Foweraker (1)
- 9 *Remember Sundayville*, Foley (1)
- 10 *Men of Property*, Goldberger (1)

(1) Positions last week

singers. This debut album, half of which features Hancock and company, surpasses that evening. As it happens, Wynton has a brother, saxophonist Bradford Marshall in an equally interesting a player and, in casual, they are devastating. What could have been a Young Turk's grandstanding is ruined to the level of an excellent group record. On *Father Time*, they cut through the three beautifully, to set up Wynton's full-throttle solo while Bradford is a brotherly, set piece, a real blowing session. The Marshalls are steeped in the traditions of their native New Orleans and filled with an challenge that intimidates Hancock, his cousin—and his solo on *Stefy Cherry*—are better than anything he has done in years. Wynton Marshall is a record on which every thing works, even Anthony Newley's drabby ballad, *Wine Cool I Turn To*.

## WEATHER REPORT

The pleasures to be had from Weather Report are now so elemental that the game of listening to their practically interchangeable records is reduced to



measuring the amount of Wayne Shorter's sax against the amazing presence of Joe Zawinul's keyboards. That album includes a well-focused Shorter introduction to *Valencia* for Herbie, the lovely ballad *Current Affairs* and a few tolerable bits and pieces. Marshall's Zawinul continues his ongoing experiment with the recombination of vintage funkies on synthesizer, which is at least preferable to his technology-obscured collage and squallor of the past few years. And the same, this record is as good as the others.

—BART THYRA



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# Lost in the groves of academe

By Allan Fotheringham

**T**he academics are in a down period, strapped for money, their government grants cut back, students fearful of bleak employment prospects. Academics worry about the erosion of standards and whether the public cares. The public cares, but the public has worries—a suspicion that a veil has been added to society, a veil layer that is not only insulated by tenure but now is quite adequately paid, thank you very much. As a subject for examination, the government presents the case of Dr. Julius Kase.

In June of 1977—five that date is your memory—the CBC Gazette, in the shy, guarded manner of academe, stated that a professor (unnamed) had been suspended for three months for improper use of the university computer and for using a research grant for private purposes. The public was never told a thing. It was then that journalist Doug Collins, a man who had escaped from 18 Nazi prison-of-war camps and was then with The Vancouver Star, dug out the story. Collins, not CBC, gave the public Julius Kase's name because two of his staff were so appalled by his conduct that they went to the RCMP with evidence. They are Bruce Wilson and Arlene Francis, husband and wife. He was employed by Kase as a researcher. She was employed by Kase as a secretary. They alleged that Kase, among other things, had his staff type his "bad news" into the UNC computer, had his sophisticated financial affairs analyzed by the same route, worked out a complicated accounting system that was put into the computer, used his National Research Council (NRC) grant for private purposes and had his staff work on his real estate business.

Professor Kase is an American who has since gained landed immigrant status. He does not even live in Canada at this day, maintaining his residence in Berkeley and Wash. Wilson and Francis, when Fotheringham is a columnist for Southern News.

based on information they handled, estimated his worth at \$2.7 million, including houses in Vancouver, a farm in the Fraser Valley, apartments in Bellingham, land near Yosemite National Park and property in Malibu. His salary was \$3,360 a month.

In September of 1977, Julius Kase and the couple for life. He also appealed his suspension to the BC Supreme Court. In December, he was charged with theft, fraud and attempted fraud—relating to improperly employing two persons to work for him as personal assistants using NRC money.



Ten days later the BC Supreme Court turned down Kase's appeal as his suspension (of only three months) by the University of British Columbia, had to start a defence fund for the young husband-and-wife team who were being sued by the wealthy zoology professor. He was a man who loved the courts and would afford them.

By May of 1978, Julius Kase had elected trial by jury at a preliminary hearing on seven criminal offences in connection with misuse of public funds. The wheels of justice ground slowly. In March of 1980 the Supreme Court of Canada overturned the trial decision and said the three-month suspension was invalid because UNC President David Kenney had stayed in the room while Kase vacated it when the UNC board of governors upheld the suspension imposed by Kenney. We are now four years down the road, researcher, from the alleged misdeeds of the bad news and the publicly owned computer.

By April of 1983, the powerless brain

of UNC ground and, hearing the evidence in orders of the Supreme Court, decided to uphold the incorrect three-month slap on the wrist. By June, 1984, we are finally into the trial at which Francis told how she and Wilson would have to derive Kase to the Faculty Club, to his \$45,000 suitcase, his farm in the country, his property in the United States and once had to deliver his children to a hockey school on Vancouver Island. ("We've all heard of the phrase 'the absent-minded professor,'" Kase's defence lawyer argued. "They do exist, you know.") He was found guilty on two counts of theft and fraud.

**\$3,000.** During the trial, which had its bizarre aspects, Crown counsel A.G. Henderson's chief handwriting expert brief containing a list of Crown witnesses, exhibits and argument disappeared from the counsel table. We are, he has, now into September, 1985—three months after the trial—and President Kenney ponderously produces a press release stating the good professor has been suspended once again "pending the outcome of a process which could result in his dismissal for cause."

In January, 1982, it is discovered that Julius Kase has been drawing close to \$1,000 a week for the past 26 months while the affairs of academe has labored. This month the process labored and granted an answer. President Kenney, in a letter to faculty—not to the public—revealed that a special committee agreed that Julius Kase was guilty of gross misconduct but decided not to fire him, yet to suspend him for 18 months without pay. Back in 1977 (remember?) Bruce Wilson said "Kase used to talk to us quite freely about how easy it was to rip off the Canadian system. He would laugh a lot about it and say 'Why should I go back to the U.S.? It's so easy up here. The whole system is wide open.'"

CRH Darling, a University of Alberta law professor who was chairman of the three-man committee that decided to fire Kase, refuses to discuss the committee's work and will not even reveal the names of the other two committee members. It's only the public's money. A friend of academe says.

## The Crown Rests Its Case.







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